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APPRENTICESHIP.

ITS IMPORTANCE INDIVIDUALLY AND IN GENERAL ; ITS RELATIONS TO PUBLIC
AND PRIVATE PROSPERITY.

In a country like ours, perhaps in all countries, there is a great liability to drift away from customs that seem to have the highest approval. Change of circumstances produces change of views; and in the multiplicity of business and the disquietude of social and political disturbance, little matters that seem unimportant in themselves, or only of consequence as touching individual interests, are allowed to pass without special notice. All the evils of the individual omission grow into social wrong, and the whole people find that a trifling neglect has produced an immensely extended injury.

Such a case now presents itself in the question of "apprenticeship," which has awakened such a general solicitude as a cause of existing evils, and of more extended and permanent disturbance, that it has occupied the attention of the social scientist, and has even found its way into the hall of legislation.

Apprenticeship, as it is generally understood, signifies the service of a person rendered to another, in which the true idea of compensation is found in the acquisition of a practical knowledge of the art or mystery in which the servant is employed. The term apprentice probably comes from the French word *apprendre*, signifying to learn, which is the object of the apprentice (or learner), and it ought to suggest the idea of *teacher*, which is the duty of the master.

Formerly the apprentice was designated as a servant. At present the term "servant" is used to designate not only menials; and apprentices that are not menials, but also the employés of almost all institutions. The word apprentice, however, is limited in its proper application to designate a person under obligation to serve well or work for a master or a mistress, and that master or mistress is under equal obligation to treat

well their apprentices, and teach them, if possible, to be proficient in the trade or art which is pursued.

As the maintenance, the feeding, clothing, and often the schooling of the apprentice, costs in the early part of the service more than the servant can earn, it was a sort of righteous arrangement that the servant should be *bound* to the master for a certain number of years, to insure not only skill in the *trade*, but also that the benefits from the exercise of that skill should inure to the master, as a compensation for the losses in the early part of the apprenticeship.

The parent or guardian of the apprentice was wont to pay a certain sum to the master for the privilege secured to the lad of acquiring the trade or mystery; and so, while the apprentice should be toiling through the late years of his service, his labor should be rewarded, and his patience strengthened in the consciousness that those last years were most productive of that high skill so necessary to a finished workman, a competent mechanic, and that "high skill" was what had been bargained for when the premium was paid for his apprenticeship.

We have said that apprentices were denominated servants; they were treated as servants, and most of the ordinary offices which a menial servant would be called upon to perform were often and usually devolved upon the young apprentice, from the brightening of his master's shoe-buckles to the following his young mistress to church with her prayer book under his arm. The apprentice was to be well fed and clothed; and in more countries than Scotland, it is said in Massachusetts, the statute laws, or at least the condition of the indentures, provided for the comfort of the lad by prohibiting the master from feeding his apprentice more than twice a week with salmon (the spirit of the statute has survived the letter). Neither the law nor the indenture, however, had power to de-

prive the apprentice of the benefit of a sound flogging as often as the master deemed it best to loosen the skin of his servant by a friction of cowhide, or an embrocation of the "oil of birch." Rattan was then unknown or unapplied, or only applied to the backs and bottoms of chairs.

The apprentice had one right, which, though perfect, was seldom exercised; if by neglect, or from any cause, rather than sickness or the impotency of the servant, a proper knowledge of or ability to practice the trade should not have been acquired, the apprentice might seek redress through the law for the non-fulfilment of the contract on the part of the master, and the courts would compel compensation.

In those days a full, practical knowledge of a trade was deemed necessary to a proper assumption of the title of "mechanic," whether it was to a shoemaker, carpenter, or painter; and the "graduated" apprentice went forth as a journeyman to complete his title by practice, and to secure his claim in time to the dignity of "master of the art."

Then people thought they had made a good investment if they paid an appointed sum to place their sons in such an apprenticeship. The demand for a premium for receiving apprentices ceased long since in this country, and lately there began to cease that peculiar relation between master and apprentice which, if not that of parental on the side of the master, and filial on the part of the apprentice, was at least quite equal to that of guardian and ward.

We have not space to follow the decadence of the best relations of master and apprentice. Reared under a steady discipline, the pupil-apprentice, at first lacking the love of a son, failed in hearty respect. Advance of years showed him how wholesome had been the discipline to which he had been submitted, and how he had under it avoided those

errors which lessen the regard of the master and diminish the power of advancement. And when five of his seven years of service had passed he began to feel that he was acquiring the feelings and the ambition of a workman, and the termination of his apprenticeship gave him a position to command the price of a "fair workman," and to acquire the skill and facility of a good workman.

It is a part of the influence of our government that, while we all love liberty, we do not in early life exactly comprehend in what that liberty consists, and hence we do not admire that restriction which keeps liberty from running into licentiousness. Our young people envy the freedom of their seniors, but are not willing to submit to the privations which are the only means of deserving and securing that freedom.

There are some parts of nearly every mechanical trade which almost anybody can perform, and some persons seeing that, imagine that achieving that result, they are mechanics. They may saw a board or plane it, they may drive a nail or draw it, and they are at once carpenters. They assume the position, spoil much work, and live and die a "botch," bringing discredit upon themselves, and, what is worse, upon the craft.

Nor can it be denied that this half acquisition of a trade is in some degree the fault of the master, who neglects the great interest of his apprentice in order to promote his own selfish views. Apprentices are sent to work and kept at parts most immediately useful to the employer, with little or no care to make improvement in one grade a reason for promotion to another; and thus the apprentice, who came to learn a trade, is not taught all the parts of that occupation, and he who is "bound" to serve full seven years, that his master may be compensated for what is lost in teaching on his part and learning on the servant's,

does not receive the equivalent specified in his indentures for his time and services. He is not made competent by his apprenticeship to the duties of a workman and then of a master. And few apprentices are willing, few have been able to institute a claim at law for damage caused to them by a neglect of their master to cause them to be made proficient in the trade for which they had served seven years.

The prevailing opinion is that the absence of numerous apprentices from manufacturing establishments is due entirely to the restrictions which are applied by the combination or union of journeymen that make it obligatory upon the members of those unions to avoid all establishments in which apprentices are taken, or in which apprentices, beyond a very small number, are received. That restriction undoubtedly is largely chargeable with the consequences deplored, and we propose referring to that cause with such comments as our sense of public good may suggest.

But let us, before we refer to this badly operative cause, look at another which began to operate before trades unions had enacted a law so injurious to trade and so unjust to the community and to individuals, as is the attempt to limit the number and designate the kind of persons that a mechanic, manufacturer, or business man shall be allowed to employ in his business.

Parents who have acquired more than mere competency by carrying on some mechanical business, and have felt what they think is the effect of a public low estimation of a "mere mechanic," have resolved with parental affection and parental pride that their son shall not be compelled to toil at a business that at best can afford only a competency, while in itself it confers no respectability, no distinction.

And so they ruin the materials for a good shoemaker or an excellent carpenter, and have them "made up"

into what will become a briefless lawyer, an unsuccessful physician, or an unstationed or oft-removed preacher, who lives in part upon the small division of his parent's earnings, and slides into some small office to supplement the limited patrimony with his half eleemosynary salary.

We stop not now to show how the mechanic arts have been depraved by such an estimate of their benefits by those who have been successful in their prosecution. All around us are instances of this treason to labor by those whose allegiance thereto has made them comfortable. The shoemaker, instead of looking with respect upon his "awl" and "last" as the instruments of promoting his good progress, and contemplating his shop as the place where he achieved his greatest triumph,

"Turns back, despising the means
Whereby he did ascend,"

and so only the least gifted of his flock is brought up to the trade (if any one of his children is allowed to follow his father's business), and hence, time out of mind, that weakest son gathers strength in his hereditary employment, till he can assist his "superior" brethren, who were too smart or too good-looking to work at a "shoemaker's kit."

A few parents have escaped that miserable mania for gentility, and given their sons the benefit of their own experience or good judgment, and the inappreciable advantage of the Franklin Institute, and have thus connected the mechanic arts with science.

Circumstances, in short, are correcting this form of contribution to the social evil, and though perhaps much has not yet been done in the right direction, yet it is gratifying to know that the error is acknowledged, and now is often heard the exclamation: "I did wrong, and if it were to be done again I would give every son some trade." And how often do we hear from young men the expression of deep, unavailing regret

that they had not acquired some trade by which they could have earned a living, instead of being compelled to dance attendance on some advertisement that calls for help in a grocery or dry-goods store, or elbowing the crowd of aspirants for a place that does not afford half the amount earned by a respectable mechanic, while it calls for a much larger expenditure for clothes, if not for board.

The mechanic arts add value to raw materials, and hence the artisans have boasted of being the useful and productive portion of society, as industry and skill enter largely into the value of most products; hence the artisans have denied to those who only sell the produce of the art laborer an equality of general usefulness. We do not mean to consider here the question of comparative usefulness which is often mooted between the trader and the producer. It is enough for the present to say that the production of the diamond mine of Golconda would be of no more value to individuals and the community than an equal quantity of Quincy granite, if commerce with its agency did not interfere to carry the former to a market (yet commerce, however, is the child of industry).

But the mechanic arts are essential to society, and it follows, of course, that their degree of excellence rises in value as society improves in its taste, and in the means of gratifying taste. And hence the general necessity and personal advantage of improving skill and perfecting product; hence the vast importance to a country, of excellence in the art, and of high skill in the manufacture of all that is to enter into a competition with the product of other nations; hence the public importance of having our youth placed where they may learn the rudiments of a good trade, and where they may be detained till they shall have acquired a competitive skill.

We have above referred to some of the impediments to a full acquisition of a mechanic art in this country, impediments that seem to increase in force and multiply in number with increasing years.

On the one hand, parents imbue their children with a false idea of personal liberty, and an exaggerated estimate of the importance of early distinction. They cannot allow their sons to be tied down to the duties and mortifications of an apprenticed mechanic. They would apparently not object that their sons had been mechanics, provided they should have risen to the distinction of manufacturers and builders, overlooking the great truth that knowledge of the business is actually necessary to success, and ignorance of important parts is inconsistent with an understanding of the whole.

Few men come to be admirals without an early knowledge of the lower grades of seamanship. Royalty may favor its offspring by rapid promotion, as was the case of the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV of Great Britain, but even that royal Duke was evidently supposed to understand practical navigation, and Gavelle's *Journal* shows that the sailor-monarch executed to perfection that part of seamanship which is included in swearing stoutly.

The bishop must be a priest. The physician must understand the art of the apothecary, and the judge must be acquainted with the forms of legal papers, as well as with the high practice of the bar, and the highest branch of the blacksmith art must rise upon the substantive labors of the anvil.

Another hindrance to apprenticeship is found in the unwillingness of masters to encounter the independence of spirit which the boys have acquired in the advanced state of social relation. The man who assumes certain duties towards boys, does it with a full recognition of the duties which those boys, as appren-

tices, owe to him. And as he knows that, however strict and obligatory may be the condition of the indentures which designate him as master and the lad as apprentice, there is little chance of enforcing the fulfilment of these obligations which the lad assumes, whenever the young man may take it into his head to abscond, or be persuaded by his mother that the trade does not agree with him. The good old domestic relations of master and apprentice apparently no longer exist, and in that fact is found another obstacle to apprenticeship.

It is remarkable that in the earnest discussion of the question of apprenticeship few have referred to any of the hindrances which we have enumerated above, simply because these arise out of a change of circumstances of long operating difference of general views upon questions of social relations. The parent does not want the son to humiliate himself to the condition of a servant, which was once involved in apprenticeship. The boy wants more liberty than that condition admits. The apprentice does not like to give up to his master the produce of the closing third of his apprenticeship. The master does not like the responsibility which is legally and morally assumed when he takes an apprentice, and the apprentice does not like the restraint which the responsibility of the master imposes. And so while all parties are now deploring the condition of the lad who desires and needs a trade, and is willing to become an apprentice for that purpose, all overlook the multiplied causes of this hindrance and point with bitter reproach and condemnation to the behest of trades unions, which in a spirit of tyranny have forbidden the proprietors of working establishments from increasing their products by the employment of apprentices, and have thus most lamentably *aided* (only aided) in their evil operations, the cause which we have above cited.

There are plans and schemes for adding to the value of articles of merchandise, either by increasing the demand or diminishing the supply. Thus it is said that the products of the Spice Islands are not allowed to exceed the probable demand of the civilized world, or, if exceeding, then the superfluous is destroyed, lest the customary price should not be maintained. And while it seems rather a waste of the good things vouchsafed to man, nobody condemns the practice as unjust towards those who need spices as articles of merchandise or of culinary convenience.

There is one mode of manipulating the market for the benefit of the producer and seller, while by others the market, as well for merchandise as for money, is "bulled and beared" for the pecuniary benefit of those who can profit most by enhancing or depressing the price.

We mention those far-reaching and far overreaching efforts of commercial and financial men to show that all pursuits have their peculiar schemes to add new value to their possessions, whether it be by augmenting the value of what they have or to diminish the value of what they want. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he hath gone he boasteth."

The movements of the "Trades Unions" towards the suppression of apprenticeship, are undoubtedly of the same character in intention as those of other combinations and classes to which we have referred; and if they were limited to such means and ends, they might be excused upon the same ground that interference in the gold and silver market is justified by the operation, or the schemes by which the price of coal is kept up, to the injury of the consumer and the benefit of the rich producer and speculator.

Unfortunately, the evils of limiting the number of apprentices extend beyond the inconvenience of the masters of establishments and the

augmentation of the prices of productions. Were they to terminate there, it would be safe to leave the settlement of the question to the growing good sense of the parties to the question, in the belief that continued experience would lessen the selfish feelings which influence perhaps both sides, less sometimes as a pecuniary consideration than as matter of personal feeling, which have hardened one side at least into determined hostility.

But the question: "Who shall smite the iron? Who shall saw the plank? Who shall paint the wall? or, Who shall lay the brick?" is of less consequence to the public, it being settled that somebody shall serve surely in those divisions of labor, than is that of what shall become of the lads who formerly served apprenticeship under master mechanics? And how is to be obtained and maintained the balance in the community between skilled and unskilled labor—between those who add to the value of material by industry and art, and those who, though employed, add nothing directly to the general stock, and too often, finding their small abilities unavailable in an honest calling, contrive to use those abilities to the injury of others and the ruin of themselves? Small abilities employed in the interest of mischief are abundantly potent, when, in a good cause, they would be comparatively ineffectual.

The evils of a coercive limitation of apprentices extend, as we have said, beyond the convenience of the master of establishments, beyond the augmentation of the price of the articles produced, so that the manufacturers and the consumers both suffer thereby. But it may be said that the increase of price comes from the additional cost of labor, and therefore a third party, namely, the immediate producer, the worker on the product in its various stages towards completion, derives an advantage from the

arrangement which increases the trouble of the master mechanic and adds to the expenditure of the consumer.

If that were the exact result, and there were no other consequences from the movement against apprenticeship, there would be less cause for censure than some suppose.

But if the existing mechanics derive an advantage from a diminution of the number of apprentices, and it is not denied that they do for the present, there is an extensive permanent evil to another class, which much more than balances that advantage, considering the question as one of general interest.

Hundreds of lads are asking to be taken as apprentices in almost every branch of the mechanic arts; they are anxious to acquire a knowledge and practice which will enable them to earn a decent, honest living when they shall by law and custom be thrown upon their own resources. But if they enter a large establishment and ask for employment as apprentices, they are told that no apprentices can be taken.

"Why? You have but two apprentices in this large business."

"We have none."

"Then take me. I have a good school education and am free from vices."

"We cannot; the journeymen whom we employ will not permit us to have apprentices."

"Then they, and not you, are the masters here."

And so the aspirant leaves, discouraged by that and other similar failures, and sinks down into a laborer that has no art, or, what is worse, into an art that has no labor. This is one efficient and most productive cause of the multitude of idlers in our cities, who are ready by hundreds for every piece of work that will give employment to only one, and to that one only temporarily; and failing to secure that employment, which would give them at least bed and

board, they are almost driven to enter upon pursuits that usually lead to "board and lodging and hard labor." Go to the cells of the prisons and see how many and what a vast proportion of the convicts there are destitute of any practical knowledge of a trade; and learn how rapidly they acquire a practical knowledge by which on their release they may earn a living; provided that the habits and associates that led them to the prison are not renewed when the restrictions of the prison cease. We do not pretend to say that all who apply in vain for apprenticeship would make good workmen, but we do say that failing to make a skilful carpenter, does not disqualify a man from becoming a good common laborer. While failure to procure an opportunity to acquire a trade drives thousands every year to vice, and vice leads to crime.

On the point suggested by the preceding paragraph, viz., that idleness leads to vice, and vice leads to crime, we will offer a few words, though to the interruption of the course of argument. Education is urged in these days as the great means of securing individual success and public morals. We shall not be found amongst those who by neglect to encourage school learning, and still less by argument against it, would weaken public feeling, so strongly in favor of education. One must have had or used little observation not to know the immense value of school learning. But in this argument for apprenticeship we may be allowed to draw on facts to show that learning is not sufficient to keep men from crime, and that apprenticeship in its various operations upon individuals in their different relations, is a more important element in social and individual well-doing and well-being than is learning.

In the able and most instructive report of the Inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, it is stated that the whole number of

convicts admitted to that institution in the year 1874 was 278; and the following statement shows the educational relations of those persons:

Illiterate, that is, unable
to read or write, . . . 62, being 22.30 per cent.
Read and write, . . . 216 " 77.70 "

Of these 278 there were 74 persons 26.61 per cent.
that never attended school, and 195, 70.15 per cent.
who attended public school, and 9, 3.25 per cent.
who attended private schools.

Learning, then, did not keep these prisoners out of the penitentiary. Not even the good influences of the public school could produce honesty. It will probably be found that learning alone does not hinder crime; it only influences the grade of the felony.

Now let us see what the Penitentiary report for 1874 shows relative to apprenticeship as an element in the argument in which we are now engaged. Of the 278 there were:

Unapprenticed, . . . 259, or 93.16 per cent.
Apprenticed and left, . . . 7, or 2.52 "
Apprenticed and served until
21 years of age, . . . 12, or 4.22 "

Such an exhibit is really deserving especial notice; we are, however, compelled to pass on to the further consideration of the general question, adding only our conviction that this simple statement illustrates and strengthens the argument in favor of regular apprenticeship as a means of individual, social, and public good.

The youth, then, that fails to obtain an apprenticeship on account of the combination of workmen in the craft in which he aspires to membership, is thereby deprived of what should be considered a natural, and what ought to be a legal right, for the violation of which he may have no redress, but for which he has just cause of complaint; and society is also wronged by the same action, because it is made to suffer from the withdrawal or withholding of skilled labor of the man, and suffers still more by the social disturbance which consequent vice produces. Society should, therefore, seek by whatever means are lawful, and should make some means lawful that are not yet

sanctioned by legislative provisions, to prevent to individuals and to itself collectively the evils consequent on the prohibitory action of the combination of journeymen mechanics.

But the evil is not limited to the domestic and the social circle disturbed by vices induced by enforced idleness, or the compulsion to labor where skill is not a requisite, and where natural ingenuity has no stimulus. The results of diminishing the number of apprentices is deplorably extensive. It touches first the individual, who suffers from a want of permission to acquire an art of which he is eminently capable, the exercise of which would insure to him competency if sustained by industry and economy; and, especially would it insure, in time, a kind and amount of respectability which is not often acquired by the unskilled laborer. From the individual, it becomes operative on society (beyond what we have said of the evils of vice), by withholding from the circle that occasion of just pride which successful art labor invariably creates. The wrong is national in its deteriorating effects, and calls for national prevention.

Before the late civil war in this country, our nation stood only second, and very little behind the first, in her mercantile marine tonnage, and wherever the flag of our Union floated, the number of our ships was not more the wonder of mercantile men than were their models, and construction, and finish the admiration of mechanics who practiced ship architecture. Twenty years ago many of our ships of war that arrived at a foreign port were visited with a curiosity, by naval seamen and shipbuilders, that showed how worthy of admiration the mechanical ingenuity and the mechanical labor of our countrymen had become.

Those ships were planned, their shapes modelled, the timber hewn, and their planks laid by men who had served long apprenticeships

under master carpenters, who understood how the work should be done, and knew how to teach others to do that work. Masters and journeymen, all were capable of appreciating the beauty of good work, and in turn each class showed itself capable of presenting that adaptation, that strength, finish, and beauty of work which denote the accomplished mechanic.

Americans who have resided in foreign seaports know how earnestly all classes, from the king to the mechanic, have sought to obtain an invitation (or at least how willingly they have accepted it) to visit the United States ships of war that entered the harbor, and such Americans will confess to some national pride, when they heard the commendation of people of judgment upon the model, the ship, and the mechanical skill exhibited in the completion of every spar.

One instance is recalled at this moment. During the revolution in Italy, in 1860, the United States ship *Wabash*, commanded by Admiral Lavalette, visited Naples; the harbor was crowded with the largest and best ships of war of foreign nations, and the *Wabash* was admired by every officer of the different fleets. And the admiral commanding the British squadron seemed to admit that his own ship of 130 guns would stand a poor chance against the *Wabash* of 60 Dahlgren guns. There was beauty and strength in the *Wabash*, and adaptation of length and height above water to give her great advantage. And the Dahlgren guns were splendid and dangerous instruments, and they discoursed with the guns of the other ships in frequent salutes, in a tone that enforced attention. The ship was visited every day by the curious and the understanding.

But here is another argument. At the present time the city of Philadelphia has stirred up the country to a grand Centennial celebration of the

Declaration of National Independence—the birthday of the nation. And other nations are invited to share in the great jubilee. Now what is the mode adopted by which a proper celebration is to be had? It is of all modes the most natural, and of course the most appropriate. It is an attempt to show what advances the nation has made in the hundred years of her independent existence; what she has done towards making individual life more valuable by multiplying its comforts, and making national existence more honorable by augmenting its power of self-support, and maintaining a consequence among contemporary people.

And here are other nations seeking to show their importance and their means of rivalry, or their success in means of national distinction, greatly—if not entirely very greatly—by an exhibition of the evidences of their success in the mechanic arts. The beauty of the structures erected and being erected in all the cities of the Union; of those indeed in which the grand exhibition of the Centennial is to be held, are offered to the criticisms of foreign visitors as the result of the mason, the bricklayer, and brickmaker's work; the sample of mechanic skill and ingenuity. All American; all following apprenticeship; all showing the result of instruction and well-directed native talent; all illustrating the importance and benefit of instruction in the acquirement of an art—a trade.

Our visitors, of course, cannot present specimens of their advance in architecture, but they will lay before the frequenters of the exhibition specimens of the results of the labor of their mechanics and artists. Diamonds polished and cut by skilled labor, that was perfected only by long apprenticeship. The product of the loom at which the "sedentary weaver" sat for years before he was recognized as a master. Chronometers that defy the sun for regularity

of movement and correctness as indicators of time. Watches and clocks that owe the wonderful perfection of their work to the skill of the master, disciplined by seven years' apprenticeship.

That part of the display which the foreign exhibitors shall contribute, will owe its superiority to American production of, the like kind (if any it have) to more careful, more skilled labor, which must be indebted for its great success to the careful instruction by well-taught masters and the docile disposition of the faithful ingenious apprentice.

There will be credit for native talent, credit for superiority of material, credit for special and extraordinary application, but the credit, the enlarged triumph, will be due to the cultivation of talent, the improvement of skill, the severe direction of time and attention of the producer at the season when the discipline of the shop was lawful to the master and profitable to the apprentice. All afterwards is only the natural sure result of such instruction, and the natural, the sure advance of such powers.

The success of that part of the Centennial Exhibition which presents claims for superiority in workmanship will be due to early discipline, to improvement of time, and direction of talent in the season of apprenticeship.

We must not forget that the Centennial Exhibition is to become a species of international competition, for praise and medals for good workmanship—an excellence less due to genius than to disciplined industry; less to the observation of manhood, than to the direction of youth. Among the best prizes will be those that recognize superiority of construction, and the most careful finish of articles of use. Those who have served apprenticeship at some trade are the true candidates for such commendations and medals.

While we are urging the necessity

of apprenticeship as a means, almost the only means, of securing excellence in the product of our workshops, we are reminded that many of the great inventions that distinguish our age are by men who were not "mechanics." That may be true, but invention would be but little without skill to produce the object which inventive genius has supposed.

It usually requires a great many mechanics to carry out the plans of an inventor. Howe may invent "sewing machines," but he could never bring the invention into the market where it would be profitable to himself and useful to others without an excellence of workmanship that would attract attention and promise a fulfilment of expectation.

The case of the late M. W. Baldwin is sometimes cited to prove that success may attend a business that did not enter into studies and practice of apprenticeship.

Mr. Baldwin made himself very rich by his improvement and construction of locomotive steam-engines, which were invented in England long after he had established himself in another business.

Mr. Baldwin served his time as an apprentice, and learned not only to work materials into shapes desired, but to comprehend the full use of the machinery and the power which he directed; so that when the locomotive steam-engine was invented he had only to apply to the construction of that machine the knowledge, which he had acquired while an apprentice, of the mechanical principles involved in its construction. It was the thorough training as an apprentice that made Mr. Baldwin the leading manufacturer of machinery in this city, and the greatest manufacturer of locomotive steam-engines perhaps in the world.

We are aware that there were some builders of locomotive steam-engines that never served apprenticeship at any mechanical trade. The great demand for the engines in those

times made a demand for their production. But it was the excellence of the work which the skilled mechanic, who had served his time as an apprentice, put upon the parts of the engine, that insured their sale, and it was, we think, some time before that mechanic skill could be made effective from a want of practical acquaintance in the proprietor of the works with the business of working the iron.

In all cases it is fair to assume that a knowledge of the minutiae of business is a requisite to general success. If the principal have not that knowledge, he must pay for it in some one who has it, or he must lose ten times that cost in the frequent failure of parts of the work.

The question of apprenticeship we have shown is one that concerns not merely the employer and the apprentice, but through them, and by the natural connection of each pursuit with others and with public interest, it appeals to the consideration of economists of all classes—to the statist in his highest relations with government.

The evil of neglecting apprenticeships is in the disturbance of the business of mechanics and their employers. It is manifest in the injury to our youth, who ought to be permitted to acquire a practical knowledge of the mechanic arts. It is evident in the injury to those who do not serve apprenticeship, by the statement which we have given of the industrial pursuits of the 278 persons sent to the Eastern Penitentiary in the year 1874, and the force of the argument would be increased by a similar exposition of the "industrial relations" of the prisoners in the County Prison; and the producing credit of the country is waning before the declining superiority of products of art labor.

Is there a remedy for this extensive and increasing evil?

We think there is a remedy.

It is probable that we shall be told that we have only to retrace our steps.

"Go back to the habits of the preceding century, restore the relations of master and apprentice, and all will be well again."

Those who propose such a remedy overlook the influence of custom. They do not take into account the important fact that since the decay of the apprentice system society has gone on, and habits have been formed, and customs established that are opposed to the old apprentice system, and no efforts now would change those habits and customs, and bring them back to what they were fifty years ago.

The apprentice will not now black his master's boots. Nor will he walk behind his master's daughter, carrying her prayer-book to church—if, indeed, the daughter has a prayer-book, or goes to church. The apprentice would not now submit to be "trounced" by his master, nor would he consent to any work not within the requirements of the trade which he became an apprentice to learn. The apprentice would rebel against an order that forbade him to unite with some sodality or confraternity; he might ask a day for quarterly celebration, and an evening for weekly meetings. And even the good old provision of indentures, that he should not "commit matrimony," might be construed into an interference with the love of liberty and the liberty of love!

The master would now shrink from the responsibility which the indenture devolved upon him. He would certainly ask for as much labor as he could get out of his apprentice, and expect "journeyman" results in the last two years of the apprenticeship. As a master he might feel disposed to ask all that a master may demand, but as a guardian and friend (for he must stand in *loco parentis* to the apprentice) he might shrink from the duty of watching the development of the boy's mind; he might complain of having to pay for the boy's misconduct.

The relations of master and apprentice are not now what they were when the present old masters were young apprentices, and that entire condition cannot be restored. The luxated joint that is allowed to remain unredressed for a year or two, is rarely, if ever, restored to its flexibility. The succedaneum must conform to the condition of the limb. We cannot restore the relations of master and apprentice as they once existed; we cannot entirely check that Young Americanism which has made the indenture oppressive to the apprentice.

But we are not without power and means to abate the evil; to restore, indeed, some of those conditions which held the young in check, and secured to the apprentice the development of faculties that shall make him a good workman first, and a good master afterwards—but always a good workman.

The mechanic arts, the pursuits of ordinary mechanical business, must not be treated by mechanics themselves as degrading. The man who has acquired competency by making shoes, laying brick, or using carpenters' tools, should not allow himself to think that a briefless lawyer, or an uncalled physician, outranks a good mechanic. Such thoughts do influence mechanics to the discredit of their occupation. Mechanics who thus look back despising the means whereby they did ascend, are traitors to their association, and work injury to their children and to society.

Business men, carpenters, printers, and other mechanics, should feel it a duty so to command their own business as not to be subservient to hostile combinations, and so to respect the combinations of others, as to give no occasion to the cry that capital is hostile to labor.

The refusal of the master to take apprentices is an injustice to the rising generation. It is a great injustice to the country, which must contend with other countries in the

constructive arts. And those who combine to prevent apprenticeship are, whatever they may appear to oppose, working against the true interest of mechanic arts and the right of the coming people. Excellence in the production of any fabric or composition is enhanced by competition among individuals. To diminish the number of rivals is to lessen the stimulus for superiority.

If the question of apprenticeship was limited in its effects to the servant and the master, to the teacher and the learner, it might be left to the immediate parties for arrangement; or, suffered to arrange itself, as other questions of personal interest is left; or, failing in that measure, then the courts could settle the matter in dispute, as any other question of personal difference is resolved. But the public, the nation, has a deep interest in the subject, and no one can look carefully at the consequences of a neglect of apprenticeship in some form, without seeing that it is an important element in social and political economy.

The noisy, vicious combinations of lads that make night hideous in many of the large cities, are formed from the unapprenticed portion of the juveniles, who, lacking regular employment and interested supervision, gratify an unchastened appetite for turbulent mischief, and prepare themselves for felony of various grades. And though we may find in their infamous sodalities a few who have been apprenticed, yet those few are generally of the class that have absconded from their masters or been discharged as incorrigibly idle and vicious.

But the result of non-apprenticeship is to be noted in effects, not merely on the moral conduct and social condition of the individual, and through him, on the order, peace, and well-being of the community—we must look even beyond this.

We all know the difference in the value of ordinary unskilled labor, and of that kind of skilled labor which owes its efficiency to a full instruction and practice in youth. If a thousand common laborers are needed, they may be obtained for, at most, one dollar and fifty cents a day; while the carpenter, or the mason, for whom these laborers prepare work or serve on it, asks and obtains at least three dollars a day. Now, the thousand common laborers earn on the average fifteen hundred dollars a day, while a thousand mechanics will obtain in the same time, and for the same amount of toil, three thousand dollars.

Let the comparison be extended to the vast number of persons now employed in our cities. Take Philadelphia, for example, where the Centennial Exhibition buildings and grounds, the new Post-office, the new public buildings, the Rush Library, and a large number of private and public buildings give employment to so many thousand laborers and artisans, and it will be seen what proportions the difference between the reward of skilled and that of unskilled labor assumes.

But it may be said that if so many men should become skilled artisans, then the balance would be destroyed between the two kinds of work.

That does not necessarily follow. But even though it should, and the number of skilled workmen should be greatly increased—disproportionately even—still that need work no evil, as at worst the skilled laborer could do the work of the unskilled, while the latter could not take the place of the former.

The personal advantage then is decidedly for the skilled workman.

We need not say that the man who has served some time in acquiring a trade, brings to ordinary labor a habit, as well as a skill, that must give to his work a claim of preference in the humblest branches of employment.

The community must hence generally greatly benefit in every way by the augmented number of those who could do better work, earn more money, and consequently minister more largely to public funds.

We have no time now to consider this subject in another point of view, which it may be made to occupy, and in which, indeed, it can be most satisfactorily regarded, viz., the advantage in almost every undertaking that is enjoyed by a man who has been disciplined to a consideration of the true relations of the various parts of the work in which he is engaged, and who has learned to consider a true finish, according to some normal principles, as essential to the accomplishment of what he assumed to perform.

A man who has successfully served an apprenticeship to a trade, is not merely an artisan, but he becomes an artist, and in the design and execution of his work he is constantly presenting some object for approval, and thus commending himself to patronage, while the unskilled laborer sees the public deriving advantage from works that have enforced the sweat of his brow and taxed the sinews of his arm beyond all that they cost the surveyor, the architect, or builder, while they secure to him no credit for his toil.

The pride and boast of our city sprung from skilled labor. The tax that supports the municipal government, and maintains the idle and the poor, are levied upon the results of skilled labor that is effective, profitable, and ornamental in proportion to the extent and discipline of apprenticeship.

Art labor then outranks ordinary unskilled labor, and returns greater compensation and higher social distinction. But that it sustains morals against temptation, is no less evident, from the fact which we have stated, relative to the educational distinction of the criminals in the Eastern Penitentiary. Is it not then

a work worthy the moralist and the statesman, and demanding the action of the lawgiver, to multiply the number of those by whom are committed the fewest offences against society, and to diminish the number of those whose circumstances place them most in the way of temptation, and who careful observation shows are the most frequently the victims of the tempter?

Good, effective workmanship can alone result from good effective workmen. The half taught half finish their work; thus our credit

ought to perish with the exposition of the inefficiency of their art knowledge and practice, but if none are allowed to follow the bent of their inclination and genius, and become good mechanics by being first good apprentices and insuring the value of their manhood's aim, by some of its learning in their youth, then the credit of the American mechanic must fail, and the national credit for productive labor, the source of nations' wealth, must perish with it,—which God forbid!

THE STEP THAT COMES NOT.

THE twilight softly closeth round,
 The brooding earth is still,
 And Night, with velvet footfall, comes
 To clothe each vale and hill
 In grateful shadow, holding rest
 The gift of its sweet will.

I sit—I sit—in tears, not rest,
 My heart a weary task
 Hath set itself; the shadows sweet
 Its futile purpose mask,
 To wait—to list for music dear,
 And its loved coming ask!

It is a sound of step! Hush! soft!
 Nay, dreaming heart, be calm!
 Alas! you still must weep—must weep—
 Your bleeding without balm,
 Your asking vain, your waiting lost,
 Your life one lone, sad psalm!

One lone, sad psalm that forth must go
 To seek with piercing cry
 The step that comes not—cannot come.
 Nay, murmur not. On high
 When next it greets you its dear fall
 Will touch—beyond the sky!

THE NUN OF KENMARE.

IF ever there was a time when it was the duty of the faithful to patronize Catholic literature, that time is the present. We live in an age of restless change and daring unbelief. Everything Catholic is ridiculed, misrepresented, and caricatured with a malice and ingenuity worthy of the great father of falsehood. The mode of warfare has changed, but the spirit of hostility to the Catholic Church is still the same—still unchanged—still implacable. The weapons employed against the Church at present are different from those of former times. The pen has been substituted for the sword, and slander and calumny for the axe and the gibbet. If Catholics, therefore, wish to resist successfully the assaults of their enemies, they must fight them with their own weapons. From this language it must not be inferred that I recommend the use of slander or calumny; Catholics never need such unmanly weapons. They have always truth on their side, and we know from a very high authority that the ultimate triumph of truth is certain. They require, however, the aid of the pen, for it must be acknowledged that their enemies use it with skill and power. It would be folly to ignore the fact that the advocates of error are numerous and well disciplined, and that their most powerful weapon is the pen. The champions of truth are comparatively few, though fearless and unconquerable, and if the pen in their hands is an instrument of good, it must be confessed that their victories would be greater and more numerous, if they received a stronger support and a warmer patronage from those who should deem it a sacred duty to encourage Catholic literature. It is impossible to overrate the services which the pen in the hands of able Catholic writers

has rendered to the cause of truth and liberty. A great Catholic writer or orator is a blessing to his nation. His services are not confined to his own country—they extend to all Christendom. What pen can trace, what tongue can adequately tell the immortal services which a Montalembert, a Lacordaire, a Chateaubriand, a Dupanloup, a Veuillot in France, a Gorres in Germany, a Balmez in Spain, a Lingard, a Wiseman, a Newman, and a Manning in England, a Doyle, an O'Connell, and a Mac-Hale in Ireland, an England, a Hughes, a Spalding, and a Kenrick in the United States have rendered to the cause of liberty and Catholic truth by the voice and pen? It may not be given to us to emulate the eloquence, or to write with the magic pens of those illustrious men; but it is given to the humblest among us to patronize those who are fighting our battles with the pen, and endeavoring under the most discouraging circumstances to stem the tide of immorality and infidelity, and inspire the cold and indifferent with their own enthusiasm, their own love of truth, and their own devotion to Catholic literature. Those eminent authors who devote their days and nights to the noble cause of exalting the Catholic name throughout the whole civilized world are entitled to the ungrudging support and generous patronage of the Catholic public. Every Catholic nation should take a pride in honoring and rewarding its antiquarians, historians, poets, orators, and journalists. This is specially true of Ireland, for no country upon the face of the earth has suffered more in name and reputation from slander and calumny than that persecuted but ever faithful nation. Every English writer, from Giraldus Cambrensis down to Froude, seems to have con-

sidered it a duty to slander and misrepresent the Irish name. This systematic and persistent slander has unhappily succeeded in creating bitter prejudice against Irish Catholics in every country in which the English language is spoken, or English literature read and studied. To kill this deeply rooted prejudice is no light task. Time, genius, learning, patriotism, unceasing effort, heroic courage are necessary to accomplish a work compared with which the twelve labors of Hercules were mere trifles. Conspicuous among the patriotic men and women who by creating a Catholic literature, a literature Irish in feeling, spirit, and purpose, have done much during the present century to kill forever that anti-Irish prejudice just mentioned—an ignorant and stupid prejudice which cannot be too often denounced—is the Nun of Kenmare, a bright ornament of an old and honored Irish family and a famous convert to the Catholic faith.

A few years after her conversion, Miss Cusack joined the order of Poor Clares, whose first establishment in Kenmare was opened in 1861. From her entrance into the Kenmare Convent in 1861, down to the present time, she has been a most successful and indefatigable laborer in the field of Irish literature. Gifted with a clear, vigorous, and versatile intellect, she has won fame and popularity in different departments of literature—history, biography, ethics, politics, and fiction. She writes with that force, boldness, freedom, and enthusiasm which a noble nature and strong convictions always inspire. The Bishops of Ireland have encouraged her by their praise and patronage. Pius the Ninth has blessed and cheered her in her patriotic labors. The most eloquent critics and famous journalists of Europe have eulogized her for the lustre which she has reflected upon her country. Her graceful, vigorous, and graphic pen has made an obscure village of Kerry as inter-

esting a resort for intelligent travelers as the magic scenery surrounding the far-famed Lakes of Killarney. Her fame is more than European, for her writings are widely known and extensively read on this continent. Among Irish families in the United States her name is a household word. She is equally admired by educated American Protestants, because genuine Americans—no matter what their religious convictions may be—honor merit wherever they find it. We are abundantly blessed (!) with cynical critics, but dulness cannot long usurp the throne of criticism in this country—national or religious prejudice cannot be long successful in keeping exalted worth in the shade in a land which receives every production of genius with welcome. Talent may be sometimes slow in winning recognition, but—no matter what may be the opposition it may meet—ultimately it makes itself known and felt wherever there is honesty to acknowledge and intelligence to appreciate it. The literary fame of the Nun of Kenmare was not of slow growth. The speedy popularity and wide celebrity which her earliest literary efforts won for her surprised her friends and patrons. It was her good fortune to be favorably received by the public at a time when cold patronage was the only reward of Catholic authors. Though Ireland has produced many eminent literary women—the Countess of Blessington, Mrs. Tighe, Mrs. Hall, Miss Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, Lady Wilde (*Speranza*), Mrs. Sadlier, and several others too numerous to mention, it is doubtful whether she can boast of any female author who is destined to be longer remembered than the Nun of Kenmare. Ireland may well be proud of this humble but celebrated inmate of the cloister, for she is Irish and Catholic in all her instincts, thoughts, feelings, and aspirations. The enthusiastic love of country and religion which breathes through all her writings is thoroughly

characteristic of the generous, hospitable, impulsive, patriotic, and religious Celtic people, whose grand virtues and high intellectual gifts have won the praise and extorted the admiration of great souls and noble minds in every age and every clime. Her strong healthy spirit of nationality is the secret of her success in the world of letters. Unlike many of her predecessors in the field of Irish literature, she is not ashamed of her religion—she avows her grand old faith with the boldness of conviction and the ardor of chivalrous feeling. I consider this trait in her character her highest excellence. The want of it was the curse and the shame of many eminent Irish authors. The Irish writer whose genius is fettered by the shackles of foreign thought, and the contagion of corrupting foreign example cannot appreciate the proud undying spirit of Irish nationality, or do justice to the Irish character.

Receiving all his notions of Irish life and Irish history from English sources, he unconsciously or designedly becomes the slave of English prejudice, and panders to the taste and national antipathies of his anti-Irish readers. Ireland has produced such men—men who, were she free and independent, would be an honor to her, but who under the chilling influence of exotic culture and anti-national prejudice became her shame and her reproach. Carleton has been lauded by British critics as the greatest Irish novelist of the age. Yet Carleton, who was the son of Catholic parents, who was brought up in the Catholic faith, who received a fair education, who was thoroughly acquainted with the manners and customs, the faults and virtues, of the Irish peasantry, became the abject slave of the intolerant and anti-Catholic faction, whose intrigues, hypocrisy, and cruelty have been the curse and ruin of Ireland during the past three centuries. His sketches of Irish character are exag-

gerated caricatures of the noblest, the bravest, the most virtuous, and the most God-fearing peasantry in the whole civilized world. Concealing the heroic virtues of the Irish peasants, he exaggerated their faults to such an unpardonable extent that the very English critics, whose anti-Irish prejudices he endeavored to gratify at the expense of truth, honor, and patriotism, reproved him for his political subserviency and national apostasy. In a spirit of fair play they asked for both sides of the picture, but it was too late for Carleton to atone for the infamy which he had endeavored to stamp upon the Irish name, or rather unconsciously upon himself, for the brave peasantry, whom he exposed for a short time to laughter, will outlive the slanders and caricatures of all their enemies, native and foreign. His *Poor Scholar* and *Willy Reilley* can never atone for his anti-Irish sketches. Let his example be a warning to others not to tread in his footsteps. His admirers need not question the fact that honor and virtue will be always more prized by good and educated men of every nation and creed than baseness and servility. The man who deliberately libels his countrymen, and makes their faults his only means of support—his only instrument of earning a disgraceful livelihood—deserves no indulgence. Honest criticism cannot throw the mantle of charity over his villainy. Wicked things must be called by their right names, and the caricatures of Carleton must no longer be regarded by an intelligent public as true delineations of the Irish character. His first introduction to the literary world was an infamous libel upon the genuine piety of his humble countrymen. I allude to his pilgrimage to Lough-derg, or St. Patrick's Purgatory. "The description of this performance," says the bold libeller and audacious scoffer in his mature years, "not only constituted my début in literature,

but was also the means of preventing me from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest at this day; indeed, it was the cause of changing the whole destiny of my subsequent life." It is impossible to read these few lines without scorn and contempt for the man who had the brazen audacity to speak with such levity and profanity of the priestly character. They are calculated to make strangers believe that the elevation of a peasant's son in Ireland is the result of accident, but not the effect of a true and tried vocation. It was well for the Irish Church—we hope we are not uncharitable—that an accident prevented Carleton "from being a pleasant, strong-bodied parish priest;" he was—if we may form an estimate of his character from his life and writings—just the man who would be no credit to that glorious and immortal Church. The writer had opportunities of acquiring considerable knowledge of the Irish priesthood, and he can say with truth and with pride that no nation on earth can boast of a holier, a purer, a more learned, a more zealous priesthood, than Ireland. There the priest is not the result of accident, but of a true vocation, long and careful training, and divine grace; there the peasant's son prefers the exalted dignity of the ministry to all the honors and treasures that this world can bestow. We may dismiss Carleton by affirming that the moral tone—the tendency of his writings is not calculated to check vice, or encourage virtue. He had the happiness of having fellow-laborers in the ignoble and degrading work of misrepresenting the Irish character. Samuel Lover wrote a few Irish songs, of which Davis would be proud, and which would have reflected honor upon the genius of Moore; but as a novelist his highest object was to raise a laugh, utterly regardless of the truth of his delineations. Lever amassed a large fortune by the extensive sale of his

writings, but his characters are all un-Irish. They can be found only in London saloons, where professional military rakes assemble to drink the cup of pleasure to its dregs. How pleasant is it, after dwelling a few minutes on the career of timid and time-serving, though gifted authors, such as Carleton, Lover, and Lever, to direct our attention to Banim and Gerald Griffin—two truthful and powerful painters of Irish character—two men of high principle and chivalrous honor—two men whose highest ambition was to vindicate the claims of their country to an exalted rank in the world of letters. It is consoling to know that, though Ireland has the misfortune of producing some men who defame, she has the glory of giving birth to bright and noble spirits who have courage to defend her and ability to exalt her. The want of nationality in Irish literature, which even in a brief notice of one of the brightest ornaments of her country I could not pass over in silence, was stigmatized many years ago with just indignation by a patriotic writer in the *Dublin Review*. "We deplore," says the writer to whom we allude, "the absence of a proper spirit and a correct feeling in our general literature, in our poetry, in our fiction, in the whole province of our belles-lettres. Ireland has been long to English literature what Naples is to Italian. If a bull or a blunder is to be made, it is sure to be couched in a rich Munster brogue; if a mad frolic is to be carried out, an Irishman never fails to be impressed for the occasion. We cannot deny, then, that all the light and ludicrous associations of our country are abundantly represented. Neither do we deny that there is a tolerable proportion of kindlier sketches of Irish life, conceived in a more friendly temper, and illustrating in a more serious tone the numberless virtues of our people, which not even the most ludicrous caricatures can entirely con-

ceal. But all this is far from filling up our idea of a proper national spirit, which should pervade and animate the literature of a nation, in order to render it deserving of the title." A great change for the better has taken place since these words first appeared in the *Dublin Review*. Moore's Irish Melodies, the poets, historians, and essayists of '48; the antiquarian researches and Celtic studies of O'Donovan and O'Carey; the successful labors of the Royal Irish Academy, have done much to create and inspire a strong, bold, and healthy spirit of nationality in Ireland. Foremost among the living writers whose patriotic labors have increased the treasures of Irish literature is the gifted lady whose Irish and Catholic spirit is destined to exercise an ennobling influence upon future candidates for literary honors in Ireland. The Nun of Kenmare, I believe, is the author of forty volumes on different subjects. Though some of these books are not very large, they must have cost her much time and labor. Three of her larger works are entitled to special prominence—her *Illustrated History of Ireland*, the *Life of St. Patrick*, and the *Life of O'Connell*. The *Illustrated History* is one of the most successful literary productions of the age. She has popularized the study of Irish history, a task which so many scholars and patriots failed to accomplish. This, indeed, is a signal triumph—a triumph which would amply repay the labors of a long life. No person can fully appreciate this victory without thoroughly knowing the difficulties which made a popular history of Ireland almost a moral impossibility for more than two centuries. English policy and tyranny punished with heavy penalties the students of Irish history.

Even when the odious penalties were repealed, it was still a forbidden subject in Ireland. To this day the study of Irish history is prohibited

in the national schools. The eloquent critics of the British press would fain make Irishmen believe that the history of their country is a disgusting record of domestic feuds and civil wars, of rapine and slaughter, of bigotry and superstition—that it has no interest for enlightened nations, and that every attempt to make it an instructive study in educational institutions is vain. This plausible misrepresentation deceived foreigners, and deluded, to a deplorable extent, the native population. The study of Irish history was not obligatory in any Irish college or high school, down to a very recent period. St. Jarlath's College, under the fostering care of Archbishop MacHale, formed the only exception to this disgraceful state of things. I am not aware that even yet Irish history is necessary for the entrance examination of our highest seats of Catholic learning. The Irish student who wishes to know the history of his country, must make that history a private study.

I speak from experience,—I wish I could have a different story to tell,—but the disgraceful neglect, the shameful indifference of many who could remedy the evil, deserves the sternest reprobation. An Irish youth, a few years ago, who without a moment's pause could tell you the date of the battle of Hastings, had no conception of the time when the battle of the Boyne, or the battle of Aughrim was fought. His tutors excused his ignorance on the plea that there was no school history of Ireland which could be conscientiously recommended to the young. The most anti-Irish instructors can no longer urge this plea as a reasonable excuse for ignorance of Irish history. Thanks to the patriotic labors of Miss Cusack, the humblest student has access to her *Illustrated History*. She has made the story of her country as interesting as a fairy tale to her young countrymen.

Her skilful and lucid arrangement

of facts, and her pleasing, graceful, and graphic style won the praise of John Mitchel, who may be justly called one of the most vigorous prose writers of whom Ireland can boast, and whose continuation of the Abbé MacGeoghegan's history is an invaluable contribution to Irish literature. Thanks to the patriotic efforts of Sister Mary Cusack, John Mitchel, D'Arcy McGee, M. Haverty, and A. M. Sullivan, the accomplished editor of the *Dublin Nation*, Irish history is widely read at present. Authors can no longer reasonably complain of the stupid indifference that prevailed on the subject—an indifference which has inflicted many evils upon Ireland. It is only reasonable to expect that true Irishmen at home, and abroad, should be anxious to have a thorough knowledge of the history of their heroic and martyred ancestors, who, in defence of country and religion,

"Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son, nor wife, nor limb, nor life,
In the brave days of old."

That they should manifest a deep interest in patronizing Irish literature, is no cause of wonder to those who have studied the Irish character, and who have acquired even a moderate knowledge of the warm, generous, and patriotic feelings—the religious spirit and strong faith of the Irish people. But the study of Irish history should not be confined to the Irish race, it should possess a deep interest for every Christian nation in the old and new world. The history of the Irish Church contains many instructive lessons for the apostate nations of Europe.

A knowledge of the sufferings and triumphs of that glorious Church, is well calculated to inspire those who are persecuted for their faith, in other countries, with new courage to bear their trials heroically until the dawn of a happier era, and to teach tyrants lessons of justice and toleration. If the history of any national Church in Christendom can convince

our modern Bismarcks that brute force can never destroy the religion of a faithful and devoted people, that noble record is the history of the Irish Church.

To the faith of Ireland, the patriotic nun has rendered, by her *Life of St. Patrick*, a service for which Irish Catholics cannot be too grateful. A popular history of the life and missionary labors of the great national apostle, was a desideratum which she has most successfully supplied. She had at her command all the existing materials that could throw light on the subject, and she has succeeded in writing a biography which may be pronounced the best *Life of St. Patrick* ever published, either in Europe or America. Before the first appearance of this great work, a few Protestant memoirs of the Saint were industriously circulated by the Bible societies, in some parts of Ireland. One of these memoirs was written by the late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, who, though an accomplished scholar and a generous patron of Irish archæology, endeavored to maintain, in his introduction to the volume, that the Protestant establishment is the real representative of the church of St. Patrick—in fact, that the great apostle himself was a genuine Protestant. Dr. Todd only revived the calumnies and misrepresentations of Usher, the celebrated Irish antiquarian and Protestant bishop, who during the reign of James I, was an implacable persecutor of his Catholic countrymen. An intolerant bigot, he was the first Protestant writer who realized the fact that the Catholic faith could not be rooted out of Ireland by the sword. When a long and unenviable experience convinced him that brute force could not destroy the ancient religion of the people, he had recourse to calumny, a formidable weapon of anti-Irish scribes at all times. He addressed himself to the vain but wicked work of proving by an elaborate false-

hood that the religious doctrines of St. Patrick were similar in most respects to those professed by Protestants at the present day. If his object was proselytism, his failure was ignominious; if, as some writers say, it was his purpose to outrage the feelings of the people by maligning the religion of their forefathers, he was equally unsuccessful. The entire Catholic population laughed at his daring calumny, and continued to cherish the faith of St. Patrick with their wonted constancy and heroism. Dr. Todd's memoir failed to give a new celebrity to the specious but malicious arguments of Usher, and only lowered him in the estimation of those who honored him for his many good qualities.

How necessary was a Catholic Life of St. Patrick when Protestant scholars were bold enough to deny the testimony of more than forty generations of pious Catholics! Those who peruse the pages of Sister M. Cusack's valuable book will have no difficulty in refuting the modern calumniators of St. Patrick, or in believing that he preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth, as it was in the beginning—to borrow the words of Father Burke,—is now, and ever can be to the end of time.

Her *Life of O'Connell* is equal in value, as a literary effort, to her *Life of St. Patrick*. Already it ranks among our popular standard biographies. Written in pure and unaffected English, it gives a full and complete history of the greatest Christian statesman and orator of the modern world. O'Connell, who was one of the truest and purest of patriots, and one of the most enthusiastic lovers of his religion Ireland has ever seen, has certainly found in Sister M. Cusack, a biographer of kindred impulses and aspirations. She has given a new celebrity to the mighty orator whose eloquence was the wonder and admiration of two worlds, and supplied the rising generation on both sides of the Atlantic with a model worthy

of study and imitation. What more inspiring example could be presented to the minds of the young than that of O'Connell? What grander character, what nobler or more glorious life could be held up for their imitation? What more interesting biography could be written for the delight, entertainment, and instruction of countless generations of readers?

A feature which imparts special interest to Sister M. Cusack's labor of love, is the private correspondence of the Liberator with Archbishop MacHale. These letters are a treasure beyond price to every true son of Ireland. The private letters of Archbishop MacHale to O'Connell are of equal interest, for both were intellectual giants—both the pride and glory of their country.

The *Life of O'Connell* is a contribution to Irish biography for which the author is entitled to the gratitude of the Irish race. No country is in greater need of a school of Catholic writers than Ireland, for no country has suffered more from the bitter and merciless persecution of calumny. But now that the penal code no longer enforces ignorance and punishes knowledge with a penalty, now that the young mind of the nation is allowed to expand all its powers, develop all its faculties, spread its flash pinions in, like the young eagle, and gaze upon the sun, we can confidently hope for better days for Irish literature. Already Ireland shows signs of renewed intellectual life and activity. During the past half century she has produced Catholic poets, Catholic orators, Catholic historians, Catholic biographers, Catholic archæologists, Catholic novelists, Catholic journalists, Catholic philosophers, and Catholic theologians who would reflect honor upon the most literary nations of Europe. Already the convent and the monastery—as of old—are intellectual centres; temples of knowledge, shedding the light of science and of genius upon the whole island. Among the liter-

ary benefactors of their country many members of the different religious are the most eminent. The literary eminence of the Nun of Kenmare is an eloquent and triumphant refutation of the slanders of those who accuse female inmates of the cloister of ignorance and intellectual imbecility, and of the unblushing falsehoods of the scoffers, bigots, and infidels who vainly endeavor to persuade honest and intelligent men that the Catholic Church fetters the human mind. Among her best friends and most generous patrons must be numbered the bishops and priests of Ireland. That she may long be the benefactress of her coun-

try and religion—long the ornament of Irish literature—long vindicate with a pen of light the calumniated memories of martyred generations, is the prayer of every admirer of genius and every true son of the Green Isle. Catholic Celts, whether at home, or in other lands, should be deeply interested in her success—they should all feel proud of encouraging and patronizing her patriotic labors. The land of their forefathers must be dear to Irishmen wherever in the Old or New World their lot may be cast.

"One in name and in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels."

"AN OWER TRUE TALE."

I.

"I REALLY cannot see how I am ever to bear this disappointment!"

She was stately, and she was pretty, and she was robed "in silk attire;" and, just then, she was standing before a mirror, arranging some exceedingly rebellious golden curls, all the more beautiful because rebellious.

A quiet-looking person, sitting by the fire, watched her with a half-admiring, half-anxious gaze. This quiet-looking person was her governess, a lady of middle age, with a face indicative of great force of character and great depth of intellect, but bearing the shadow of some deep sorrow, which shadow was what made her be denominated quiet-looking. The lovely tangles of gold were impatiently twisted and twitched, and maltreated generally, in the vain effort to reduce them to subjection, and the mirror reflected clouds gathering ominously on the soft, rosy, blonde face.

"Come here, Maude, my dear," said the quiet-looking person, very quietly indeed, but the girl turned instantly and obeyed.

"Let me," she said, then, with a smile no young heart could resist, "let me arrange this sunny bundle of chaos," and she laid the lightest of touches, from a white and withering hand, on the pretty head; "and while I do so, tell me all about your disappointment?"

It would have been impossible for any feminine organization to resist the series of soothing touches and soft pattings and gentle coaxing out of tangles, with which this invitational was interlarded, so Maude laughed.

"I believe, Miss Alburn, I am like a cat! If you smooth me down the right way—the *right* way, mind—I forget all care forthwith. Don't—this is so perfectly delicious—don't ask me about my disappointment, it is so overpoweringly detestable. Rather let me"—stretching out her

slipped feet luxuriously—"let me sit forever, getting my hair manipulated thus!"

"A strange eternity to which to doom me!" laughed Miss Alburn. "Selfish Maude!"

"Well, now that you mention the unpleasant fact of selfishness, I wonder if my disappointment hasn't a few drops of that quality—mind, I will only admit a few drops, mixed with equal quantities of regret for my friend's feelings on the subject, and sorrow—yes, downright sorrow, Miss Alburn, that papa could so outrageously break his word!"

The pout that now crept up to the "rare, red lips," was something enchantingly capable of added effect to the speech, half pleasant, half indignant, and it induced Miss Alburn to say, coaxingly:

"Well, dear, tell me the disappointment, just as it stands, and I hope I can set it right for you."

"Oh! I'll tell it to you, of course; but you are so wise, and—and—"

"So far on the shady side of forty," put in Miss Alburn.

"No, no, but so much above merely worldly pleasure, I'm afraid you'll be inclined to laugh; but, I assure you," and she shook the golden head to the unmistakable peril of the now almost subdued curls, "it is something very bitter to me—not a thing to laugh at, nor yet to scorn."

"I will do neither, then, my dear. I promise not to be 'too wise,' nor ultra-celestial on the subject, either."

"Well, then, here it is. I was to have a party on Valentine's day, as you know. I have talked about it to all my friends, and they all expect it. Of course I must have it in first-class style, or not at all. And just imagine, papa refuses to have the rooms properly decorated."

"In what way?"

"By a florist, of course! No one has a party now without this! It is preposterous, Miss Alburn! I can't have the party at all—won't, in fact, and I've told him so!"

"He gave a reason for his refusal, I suppose." This quiet-looking person was evidently compelling herself to be *very* quiet in voice and manner now.

"Oh, stuff about panic and stocks being down, and all that, which is perfect Greek to me! I don't understand it at all!"

"Tell me, dear, how much would these decorations cost?"

"Only five hundred dollars, Miss Alburn, and what is that to papa, who spends thousands?"

"Yes, surely to *him*," this was said in a musing tone; "but some others would consider it a fortune—a matter of a life's happiness or woe!"

"Oh, Miss Alburn!"

"Yes, my dear."

"And I was thinking how hard it was of papa not to let me have the happiness it would give me when it would cost him so little!"

"You said something about him breaking a promise; did he promise you this?"

"The party—yes, long ago. Valentine's day is my birthday, you know."

"Yes, I know!" A pause, then. "But did he promise the decorations?"

"Not just the decorations; but he promised first-class style in everything; and it can't be first-class, you know, without them."

"Then it is only in the sense of their being included in the term first-class that he gave any promise about them?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I am glad."

Nothing said by her was said so quietly as this, and yet, both words and tone, held a thrill for the girl's heart.

"Why?" she asked nervously.

"I would not like him to be found guilty of breaking any promise, my dear, no matter how slight."

"Oh! is that all? I was afraid something was the matter with you. Something *is* the matter with you

to-day, Miss Alburn. I am annoying you."

"No, dear. Tell me, have you said you would not have the party at all?"

"Yes," and a sudden gust of girlish passion swept over her, "and oh! I had looked forward to it for a whole month! I don't care what any one says, it's awful—awful!"

Tears began to fall—sobs began to rise.

"I—I wish I had a mother! I'd soon have my party! It is dreadful for your mother to be dead!"

A knock at the door.

"Oh! I cannot see any one—I know it is my music-teacher—I cannot take a lesson," cried Maude, hurrying away, through an opposite door.

The visitor was a curious little figure—deformed by spinal disease, yet with a certain daintiness clinging about it, perhaps because a dainty soul dwelt within—a girl of twenty, or thereabouts, but no taller than one of ten. Her face would have been exquisite, only for the set and somewhat old expression inseparable from this affliction, for the features were perfect, and the eyes gloriously indicative of soul. A magnificent veil of shining, rippling brown hair fell about her poor misshapen shoulders, in beautiful concealment of their deformity, and the shabby little fur cap set above did not detract in the least from its wonderful wealth. Her dress was of cheap material, and showed many devices of poverty in make and trimming, and her tiny hands and feet were but poorly protected from the weather of a raw day in the raw month of February. Miss Alburn looked at the tiny creature with the great soul of an earnest woman shining royally out of those glorious eyes, not gray, not hazel, but both blended in rare union, and so capable of rare expression, and thought of certain hidden martyrs, whose lives are never written on the world's record. This frail girl, going about

in the cold and the sleet, working steadily and cheerfully to support an aged mother and two sisters too young to work, seemed to her one of them. She seated her at the glowing fire, in a cavern of crimson velvet—for such did the ordinary easy chair seem, with that little figure defined against it; she took off her poor haf and faded wraps, laying them away as if they were costly things; she put up her wet feet on a stool in front of the grate, and then, ungloving her mites of hands, held them in both of her own large and handsome ones, to get warmed.

"You do not look so well to-day, Effie," she said kindly, nay, tenderly. "What is the matter, my dear?"

They were evidently friends, for the little creature just laid down her cheek on Miss Alburn's hands, and said:

"I am not ill; only in trouble."

"Poor little girl! Not new trouble, I hope."

"Old—yet new! But," raising up her head with a patient sigh, "I must not stop to tell you now. I must give Maude her lesson. I will tell you some other time, though. You are the only person in the world to whom I *can* tell it—just as it really is!"

"Maude will not take her lesson to-day, and you shall rest and talk to me instead."

"Oh!" and the brown head laid itself against the velvet behind it, "what a blessed respite! I am very, very tired!"

She closed her eyes, and then Miss Alburn noticed that the face had a set expression of pain, and the white brow was contracted with evidently keen suffering. She laid her hand upon it, with instinctive desire to smooth away its mark, and gently passed it to and fro across the broad, low forehead, with her most soothing touch; but the stamp of pain remained unchanged.

"That feels delicious!" said Effie

dreamily, "and yet—I don't know but work is better—at least, to drown anguish of soul!"

"Ah! you are worn out, child. Any rest is good, in that case."

"I have been going, going all day—sometimes mechanically, sometimes with fierce energy—but still going. Once, I nearly fell in the street, and a woman, looking out of her door, brought me in, and gave me a drink of water. I thought of our dear Lord's words about 'a cup of cold water,' and do you know, the thought inspired me—"

"Hush, my dear," for she noticed the voice grow fainter and fainter, as the little creature went on; "you are too weak to speak any more, till I give you something to revive you. Stay quietly here till I come back."

She left the room, and came back in a few moments with a delicate china cup in her hand.

"There," she said, "drink that. You need not be afraid; it is a cordial made from an old French receipt, and is both soothing to the nerves and strengthening to a worn-out frame, like yours."

"Now," when it was eagerly swallowed, "rest a little while longer, and then talk your dear heart out to me, if you will find it any relief!"

The head was again laid back, and the white lids dropped over the glorious eyes.

"Oh!" in a loving, trusting murmur, "God sent me here! This is heaven to me, after such a day!"

"I am very glad, *very* glad, my dear, and I am sure God is with you wherever you go!"

"Oh, Miss Alburn, if I could only always take that thought to heart in time of trouble, it would change the whole world for me! God *is* with me then, surely, or, often I would sink under it; but I forget."

"Only for the moment, dear, I am sure."

"Ah! even for a moment, that should not be forgotten. But, listen, for I must not stay very long. You

heard of Mr. Metzin, the music-dealer, noticing my playing, and admiring my method of teaching. Well, about six months ago he came to me, and said he had a piece of work to offer me, which would be remunerative in the end, though, just then, it would bring nothing; he offered to give it to me, because he thought I ought to be helped. He knew my father, and considered him a genius, as a musician, and professed great interest for me on that account. I was deeply grateful, and I undertook the work, hoping the money I made by it would form the last payment on my mother's little cottage. You know, Miss Alburn, if that payment were not made we would lose the place, and it is all we have. I was very happy, though the work was very difficult, and took all my spare time. It was to transcribe certain pieces of music for the publisher, and at the same time arrange them for keys different from the original, correcting all mistakes in harmony, and they were many. I may truly say, Miss Alburn, I took no recreation of any kind for nearly six months, but I worked on, determined to gain the price; I had never since my dear father's death, three years ago now, had such a chance for making this payment, and the time was nearly up; we would lose not only the place, but all he had paid on it. I had, so far, only succeeded in making enough to enable us to live—"

"*Only!*" interrupted Miss Alburn. "Only! You marvellous little creature, how gigantic a task for you!"

"I don't know," said the little creature, looking up. "If God would only grant it, I would like to do more, not for myself, though. Well I finished my work; I earned by it one hundred and twenty dollars, just twenty dollars more than was needed for the payment! How delighted I was! How I thanked God as I went down yesterday to get the money! Can you imagine this?"

"Yes, dear, I can indeed."

"Then," and the brown head drooped, and the luminous eyes filled, and the earnest voice broke softly over a ripple of rising tears, "you can also imagine my supreme despair when Mr. Metzin coolly said :

"Miss Ten Eyck, your father owed me this amount ; it is but just that you should let this work pay it !"

Then the brave little creature choked, and could say no more.

"This is beyond all comparison mean and cowardly," cried Miss Alburn, with an indignation in her soul that it seemed a mockery to strive to embody in words. And then she soothed and petted the now sobbing little creature as if she had been a child. Like a very child she ceased her weeping under the influence of this treatment, and went on with her simple tale of sorrow so homely, yet so keen.

"I could not speak at first, Miss Alburn, I was so overpowered. Then I said :

"Mr. Metzin, I did not know my father owed you this."

"But he owed it all the same," said he sarcastically ; "girls of your age never understand business."

"Then he went and got a large book, and showed me where it was entered against my father, and made out a receipt for it, which he gave me. That is all I got for my work, and I hardly knew where I was going when I left the store. My father's debt, of course, was a sacred thing to me, but oh ! what a blow to be deprived of the means to keep a roof over my mother. I suppose I must have looked my woful feelings, for as I opened the door he called after me : 'Only for panic times, Miss Ten Eyck, I would not be compelled to do this !' "

"Panic times !" echoed the woman, whose heart was aching at this recital. "How many acts of injustice and treachery are laid at that door. The wealthy Metzin speaks to *you*, struggling with your reduced class

and your lessened terms, of panic times. Poor, poor little creature ! What did you do ?"

"I walked all the way to St. Joseph's Church, a long and dreadful and mechanical walk, but I felt a terrible necessity for physical motion which drove me to it ! I think if I had sat down anywhere with my seething brain, I would have become insane ! I never noticed the crowd ; I seemed to fly past them ; I felt as if I could mount any height, or overcome any barrier to get before the altar. This is the time I did not think of God being with me in the darkness of my trial. I only saw the trial, and from my feelings then I can well imagine how people who never have God to turn to put an end to their own lives under the pressure of such !"

"Hurrying to the altar, and yet accuse yourself of forgetting God."

"Ah ! well," with a patient sigh, "if I remembered Him really I would not have been so disturbed by anything that must pass away with time ! I reached the altar at last ; I knelt down on the marble steps under the sweet light of the sanctuary lamps, that always seems to me different from any other light we see, so soft, so steady, so like the heart of some rare gem held captive in the crystal cell with golden chains. I must confess I did not pray at first ; I could not. It just seemed to me I cast down there my bruised and bleeding heart for God to look on it. He"—the sweet voice took a rapt and adoring tone—"He looked on it, dear Miss Alburn, and then it found strength to pray."

Now Miss Alburn was weeping silently ; all this thrilled through every fibre of her heart as no words could have told, but her tears sufficed for the one that was pouring itself out to her in the touching story.

"I know," she went on, "every word you would say to me. God is very good to let any one feel for me so. I prayed a long time, and after

all that suffering the prayer was ecstasy. I rose at last, for the church was growing dim with the evening shadows, and I felt truly that God was going with me, and though my trouble was as great as ever, this raised me above it. I did not tell my mother when I got home; I could not. I slept none at all last night, striving to devise some way of replacing the money, even with suffering to myself. I owned nothing I could sell; I had no way of earning more; I knew of nothing I could do. At last it struck me to go and ask Mr. Metzin to let my father's debt stand for the present, in order to preserve our little home, and I would work for him to the same amount again!"

"My child!" broke from Miss Alburn's lips, "what an ordeal! You did not—you could not do it!"

"Yes!" and the light on the fair face was as that we are told breaks over martyrs' faces when their pain is most fierce, "I thought it would be an acceptable sacrifice in atonement for my want of patience when I first met my trial!"

"Want of patience—heavens!" This was said with extreme impatience.

"Well, no matter," and Miss Alburn envied her the peaceful smile that came with the words, "I went to this man who had tried me so, and humbled myself to ask the favor. I—I was refused!"

"On account of the panic!"

"Exactly. The pain of meeting this refusal, I think, was sharper than that of the first disappointment; but I had learned how to bear it, and when I knelt once more before the altar I could pray and could suffer cheerfully. Now that is all, but I could not tell my mother yet; that pain awaits me this evening."

"More pain? My dear child you are not fit for it this evening."

It was an indescribable expression broke, like the dawning of a new day, over the little creature's face,

as if some glimpse of heaven had been vouchsafed her in that moment.

"Better fitted than before," fell from her lips in a far-off tone. "I am learning the real way of the Cross, I think, Miss Alburn."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"There are two ways to meet pain—one, to bear it, and offer the bearing of it to God; the other, to embrace it as His gift!"

"And then?"

"The last is to find such union with Him on earth as is a foretaste of heaven!"

It was such a strange act, but her feelings were highly strange, and music was their natural vent; she went eagerly to the piano, threw back her head, and sent forth, in a rare and wonderful voice, a burst of triumphant song, embodying the words so dear to us all, from the cradle to the grave, "*Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto. Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in sæcula sæculorum. Amen!*"

It flowed forth in a sort of rapt strain, that spoke ecstatic joy, mingled with perfect peace, that beatific union the soul finds in heaven alone. And it rose higher and higher, in a series of marvellously penetrating notes, till at the last the perfect voice hung quivering on the air in one miraculous trill, that, as it died away on the air, had a strange seeming of ascending out of mortal hearing into the grand Above. This was the "Amen" of the little creature's Gloria, and then, silence. Miss Alburn could not speak either her wonder or her delight, but seeing in a moment more that the brown head drooped till it touched the very keyboard, she went to her quickly, fearing the overwrought girl had fainted.

"No wonder," she whispered, gently raising her head. But the face that confronted hers was flushed with rose, and the eyes misty with the presence of sweet emotion.

"Do not mind," said she, slipping off the piano-stool; "that was

one of my moods, and I could not help it."

"What, dear?"

"Composing the 'Gloria.' I must go; dear Miss Alburn, I thank you for all the good you have done me."

"Good!" soliloquized the astonished, and touched, and altogether agitated Miss Alburn, when she found herself alone; "good *I* have done her! I cannot imagine myself capable of either such a sublimity of egotism, or such a depth of hypocrisy, as to suppose any glimmer of 'good' could come to such a soul from me. I—I will sit at her feet, to be taught for the future! The simple, simple story! And the heroic grandeur of faith in God! Oh! if Maude—"

Which stoppage was occasioned by the sudden and much dishevelled and tear-stained appearance of the young lady in question, who rushed into the room; who threw herself on her knees at the feet of her wondering teacher; who sobbed, and tried vainly to utter something, which, after much struggling and gulping down of hysterical gasps, proved to be,

"Maude *did* hear, and *has* learned the lesson, Miss Alburn! Forgive me, but I could not get out of the other room, and I heard every word, and I am ashamed of myself, and I intend to prove it, this very night. She's a genius and an angel."

So a great deal of embracing, such as women will exchange in crises of this kind, ensued. I do not know that it is necessary to describe it, for that reader of mine who has never seen it is so very exceptional a case, that it is hardly required of me to provide for such.

II.

OUT of reach of all this exciting performance, in his own particular *sanctum*, sat the "Papa," whose character had been so fiercely attacked. He was of the benevolent-looking order, with a dash of that

in his countenance, however, which told plainly he was not a person to be trifled with. He was just balancing in his mind, to a nicety, the predicament of "stocks" that day, when the door received a gentle tap, and Maude proceeded to "interview" him, as the newspapers would have it, as follows:

Papa. "Hum! Repentant, eh?"

Maude (humbly). "Yes, papa."

Papa. "Would like to have the party now, I suppose?"

Maude. "No, sir; but—but—" (a little sob, but very effective).

Papa. "Don't cry, child. You take it back, and you can have the party."

Maude. "I don't want the party at all, papa; but I want you to give me what it would cost."

Papa. "Hum! Getting mercenary! Come here, golden-head!"

Maude (with the golden head on his shoulder). "I don't want it for myself, papa."

Papa (quite overcome). "What is it, then, my dear?"

Maude (sitting up and stroking his iron-gray hair). "Oh! papa, I've a long story to tell you about it. Will you listen?"

Papa. "Of course, child. Let's have it."

Story pathetically and very excitedly told. Papa reduced to a perfect chaos of benevolent impulse. Check for \$200 handed over to Maude. Exit Maude.

Papa (soliloquizing). "The child's learned a lesson—found out the meaning of panic—ha! ha! Ten Eyck was a hidden genius, and his daughter must be looked after. It's a crying shame, this whole thing, and though generally a 'man of peace,' I'd take pleasure in shooting that Metzin."

III.

FROM which "interview," it will be inferred that tiny, heroic Effie made her payment. She was not thinking of valentines on the morn-

ing of the fourteenth, but thinking with pain, that could not be alleviated by any outward circumstances, that to-morrow the time would expire, and the cottage be taken from them.

"Oh! Effie," cried her two little sisters, running together to her, "the letter-carrier has just left you a valentine."

"Nonsense; it's a letter, pettie."

"No, look," and a pretty, rose-colored thing was handed to her. She opened it; money fell out; not a word, not a name affixed. She said nothing; she only fell on her knees, and shook from head to foot. There was something terrible in her emotion; no sorrow could have been half so pathetic as it was for the moment. So much for so little, poor, strained, and aching heart!

"Effie! Effie!" cried the little ones, "you are so white! What *will* we do?"

"Kneel down, my darlings;" and her voice was unnaturally quiet; "and offer to God the thanks I am not so fit to offer as you."

And when they obeyed, the little creature bowed very low, they thought, but then that was because she prayed so fervently. They could hear her saying, "Dear Lord," two or three times, and then she grew so still, they stood up to try what ailed

her. She did not raise herself up, nor speak to them, so, in childish fright, they called their mother. The mother, feeble and aged, came up, lifted the dear, brown head, laid it back on her knee—a pallid face met her gaze; sweet eyes, with light fled; lips half parted, as if ready to utter something; but on all, the stamp of peace unutterable. The cruel world could never chafe again that brave and beautiful spirit. It was singing its new "Gloria" in heaven.

I have called this "an ower true tale." It is, and in this wonderful Centennial year, when millions are being expended for show, our broad and prosperous country holds on her bosom actors in many of the same kind. No romance is needed to give force to these; no poetry to touch them up with pathos. Their simplest recital owns all the force and pathos needed to move any heart capable of charity. May this touch some bent on the pursuit of the right!

Maude's father, from out his abundant wealth, provided for the helpless ones left destitute by this blow, and Maude herself found the climax to her painful lesson by acting out the truth, that "Life is real, life is earnest."

MEMORY.

How oft, in silence, secretly, alone,
 We wander back along the travelled road
 Of life which lies behind us! There we strode
 With buoyant step; and there, with many a groan,
 We picked a painful way from stone to stone,
 Which barred our path: one while a weary hill
 Defeated ardor; then, again, a rill
 In brightness cheered us. All are past and gone,
 But not forgotten. Standing, as we seem,
 Beside the wall which hides futurity,
 The long-lost past behind us gives a hope
 And faithful promise of security,
 But none of ease; or else there were no scope
 For trust in God, and life were but a dream.

MARY TUDOR AND THOMAS CRANMER.

SECOND PART.

THOMAS CRANMER, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

THE lives of Mary Tudor and Thomas Cranmer stand as striking illustrations of the extremes that meet, when prejudice and partiality combined sit on the throne of judgment. In the same degree that she is unjustly vilified, he is unduly praised. As she is condemned to the lowest hell, he is exalted to the highest heavens. Although the wisest and most virtuous writers of the Established Church have repeatedly dissented from this judgment, still a large majority cling to the verdict of his partisans, who yet see in this man a Nemesis in death, as he was in life, over the woman he wronged through her holiest affections and dearest rights. The antecedents of Cranmer, prior to his introduction to Henry VIII, are rarely handled. But as his early life, as a student, contains salient points that predict the character of the man and embryo prelate, we propose to give a synopsis of his course from the beginning. There are many who yet indorse an old story regarding his birth as connected with some disgraceful court *liaison*; even Macaulay repeats it; but investigation and undeniable data prove this scandal to be utterly false.

Thomas was the second son of a family of six children, born at Aslacton, July 2d, 1484. His mother was a very pious woman, and anxious that both of her sons should be devoted to the priesthood. "Maister" Cranmer, however, had other views, and enforced them by training Thomas to field sports, in which he took great delight, soon excelling his father in the accomplishments of the chase. At the death of his father,

Thomas being in his 14th year, his mother accomplished her cherished wish, and sent him to Cambridge. Here he became a member of Jesus College, was an attentive student, and his conduct always within the bounds of strict propriety. Although his mother still continued to urge him to study for the priesthood, yet his taste and inclination were more for the reading of civil law.

There is no evidence in the letters of Cranmer and other contemporaries that he ever gained any special distinction as a scholar, although he was considered one of the best writers of "pure English" of his time. Enrolled as a fellow of Jesus College in 1510, he subscribed to the usual rules, which included the solemn vow of celibacy. But a temptation soon after arose, as a test of that vacillation of purpose which proved the bane of his life. A favorite resort of the alumni of the university was the Dolphin Tavern, and the inn-keeper thereof had a very pretty niece, whose charms proved too strong for the obligations of Cranmer's previous vows, although he was not at this time ordained a priest. Rumor, however, reached the authorities that something was wrong, and that the young student's ways were not in strict accordance with his oath. Summoned before the council, he "acknowledged that he had violated his vows, and was then a married man." As a matter of course he was expelled as a "bad man" from the college, and was the subject of the natural amount of sympathy from one side and condemnation from the other. His stolen joys were, however, of short duration, as

retribution followed in the first year by the death of "Joan, with the dark eyes and black hair," in childhood.

This affliction left him sad and contemplative for some time; and the coldness of his friends, upon his return home, was not calculated to erase from his mind its hidden sorrow. Acting probably from the influence of his grief, he determined to devote his life to the priesthood, but, to redeem what he had lost, it was necessary that family influence and a "penitential petition" must be presented before he could be readmitted into Jesus College. Although (according to Strype) his conduct from this time was most exemplary, and elicited the respect of both authorities and students, yet his former precedents caused his ecclesiastical superiors to hesitate a long time before admitting him to holy orders. Subsequently he filled various offices in the university, but, according to his contemporaries, never attained any scholastic distinction, while in theological learning he was considered almost deficient. This judgment was confirmed subsequently, when forced into a discussion with Gardiner and Bonner, who also were fellow-students with him. Even Sir Thomas Moore, although but a laic, confuted and exposed his ignorance of canon law, when commanded by the king to discuss the question of legality, pending the contemplated divorce from Catherine.

Owing to the breaking out of the "sweating sickness" in 1518, Cranmer left Cambridge, in company with two young students who were under his charge, and took up his abode at their father's house in Waltham. The king, terrified at the ravages of the disease, had fled from "post to pillar," and was at that time settled at Lytynhanger, at a house belonging to the Abbot of St. Albans. A guilty conscience takes speedy alarm in the face of danger, so the fear of this scourge caused

Henry to drop the thought of divorce with Catherine, and once again assume the rôle of an affectionate and penitent husband. No sooner, however, did the pestilence abate, than with the assurance of safety, his passion for Anne Boleyn revived, and he again agitated a safe means of possessing her.

At that time Dr. Stephen Gardiner was Secretary of State, and Dr. Edward Fox the Lord High Almoner. In some of his visits at the houses of the gentry Cranmer had met these dignitaries, and been an interested listener to the discussions upon the king's pending divorce. Some time after, it appears, that either Fox or Gardiner must have quoted some opinion of Cranmer to the king, for, discerning the sagacity of the remark, he at once exclaimed: "Who is this Dr. Cranmer? Is he still at Waltham? Marry, I will speak to him; let him be sent for out of hand. This man, I trow, has got the right sow by the ear." (Dean Hook.)

So sudden an elevation from obscurity to the notice of royalty produced a powerful influence upon one so malleable. The king was sagacious enough to read all the weak points of his new advocate; but, when demanding him to write out his argument in full, for the settlement of the long-vexed question, he also charged him, upon his conscience, to adhere to the authority of Scripture and the councils of the Fathers of the Church. Truly a yielding conscience was essential to such work.

When we consider the subservency of the flesh to the spirit, excuse may be urged for Cranmer at this period. Translated from the gloomy rooms and penitential fare of the college to the elegant apartments and sumptuous appurtenances in the house of the Earl of Wiltshire, the father of the prospective queen, was surely temptation strong enough to sharpen his wits, and deaden any trouble-

some suggestions of conscience. This alacrity in a bad cause may have prompted the remark that Henry soon after made: "With Thomas Cranmer at my elbow, I could overcome every difficulty." (Dean Hook.) Honors thenceforth crowded rapidly upon him. From the forum of a poor tutor he stepped into the pulpit of a royal chaplain with large emoluments, whilst every degree of affectionate attentions were bestowed upon him by the friends of the prospective queen.

The complicity of Gardiner and Bonner at this time will ever remain a deep stain upon their names, for they were both too well distinguished for their knowledge of canon law to stoop to the sophistry, which alone could have rendered their argument upon the marriage question acceptable to the king. Their subsequent repentance and suffering in the cause of religion under Edward must plead for the earlier errors of succumbing to the temptation of royal patronage.

In the subsequent embassy to Rome, by which Henry hoped to shake the conscience of the Pope, Cranmer seems to have been the sole member who kept his temper under the wing of policy; for Clement singled him out, by favor and compliment, as the only one of the commission who had behaved toward himself with respect and moderation.

The sincerity of this opinion he confirmed shortly after by conferring upon this wily prelate the high clerical dignity of Penitentiary-general of England; and yet Pope Clement was known to have frequently expressed a horror of "loose ecclesiastics."

Cranmer's subsequent protracted stay in the German provinces, ostensibly upon the "king's business," connected as it was with the indorsement of the divorce question by some of the universities, prove him to have been as eloquent in speech as he was liberal with the nation's gold. Many of the most distinguished of the Ger-

man reformers condemned the proposed divorce, and characterized it as a "heinous sin against justice and morality."

The downward path was now fully reached, and he not only lent his talents, but took the lead in arranging terms of coalition between the religious and carnal enemies of the Papacy. It is impossible, in such a limited space, to follow all the phases of a subject so momentous. The assumption of Henry VIII as supreme head of the Church, and the arrogant use made of the power, is known to all, together with the collusion between Cromwell and Cranmer, which compact finally decided the nullity of the marriage between Henry and Catherine. Let the reader only bear in mind the simulated sincerity at Dunstable, so as to judge correctly of his subsequent course, when self-interest again put him to the test.

Later developments showed that the "king's business" was not the only cause of his delay in Germany—the light of a pair of bright eyes once again lured him from his vows. Marguerite, the niece of his friend and fellow-apostate, Andrew Hageman (better known as Osiander by his writings), inspired a passionate love. Although she was but seventeen, and Cranmer forty-nine, yet all objections were set aside, and they were married. Bear in mind that this sacrilegious perjury was committed *before* the ban of ecclesiastical celibacy had been removed by the cidevant head of the Church, Henry VIII, and in the very face, too, of an assured prospect of the primacy of England upon his return. Even then the See was vacated by the death of the saintly Archbishop Wareham, and Cranmer knew that the mitre awaited him as a reward for his servility to Henry. Could degradation of all honor and virtuous principles reach a lower ebb? Not daring to risk the scandal of introducing a wife into the archiepiscopal

palace, after some months of hiding and evasion, in justifying her, the poor deluded girl was returned to her friends in Germany.

Although Cranmer knew in his own heart that he had disqualified himself for even the lowest offices in the Church by his perjury and broken vows, yet he lacked the moral courage to decline the king's gift of the primacy. One of the forms required an oath of obedience to the Pope. In order to avoid future complications (according to the Lambeth MSS. and the testimony of Todd), Cranmer protested, before a notary and four witnesses, that it was but a form; that he should not prejudice the "rights of the king, or prohibit such reforms as he might judge useful to the Church of England." With the same reservations he received the insignia of the Grand Penitentiary, thus perjuring himself twice in one day by oaths that he intended deliberately to break.

How thoroughly anticipated was the mock council at Dunstable is proved by Anne Boleyn's triumphant entry into London eight days thereafter as the king's wife, although the actual time of the marriage ceremony remains a mystery to this day. Humé says that Cranmer *ratified* the marriage four days *after* the divorce. Judging, however, from the figure of Anne Boleyn on that day, and the birth of Elizabeth three months later, there is but one conclusion to come to, particularly when the character of such a voluptuary as Henry VIII is considered. A career so remarkable as Anne Boleyn's is worthy of some consideration. In many respects she was a gifted woman, and not naturally bad-hearted. She was led by the seductions of a royal court and the voluptuous habits of the age to sacrifice to ambition her inviolable obligations to purity and faith. In view of the tremendous sacrifices, and the momentous events that moved the whole Christian world for the possession of this mod-

ern Helen, it is not to be wondered that she felt her power to be as permanent as it was exceptional. For her the Oracles were dumb, as the Fates clipped in silent darkness the golden thread of these joys, and the bright shield of her triumph, with its worshippers and jewelled crown, hid the reverse side of the lonely woman surrounded by the axe, the block, and the pall. The voices of the little children, as they greeted her with songs and flowers, may have touched her heart with the memory of her own innocent days, but no shadow of the sorrow-stricken woman, whose life she had wrecked and robbed even of her only child, darkened the march of triumph, of which she was the sole and undisputed goddess, for her royal lover purposely absented himself in order, as he said, "that his darling should be the sole object of homage and love that day."

A few short years, and the scene changes; the gorgeous panorama of the past gives place to the avenging sword. In lieu of the crowd of worshippers and the jubilant songs of the children, there comes but one little child, like the angel to Dorothea, who, pushing his way through the crowd to the lonely woman's side, touchingly said: "Here, good queen, are some flowers for you; don't cry, because you are going to heaven, where good little children go." And he who through love and pride had left her alone in glory, where was this ardent lover now, when in anguish and terror she walked desolate to lay the same lovely head crownless upon the block? Monster!

We have seen then that as soon as the king's *conscience* was troubled by satiety, his faithful and facile servant was able to find a panacea. As his former marriage had been found adulterous, under the inspiration of prayer, enforced by law and equity, so Cranmer now declared, with hands uplifted to heaven, that the marriage between Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn "was and always had been null

and void," at the same time invoking the name of the Holy Trinity, and calling upon the whole court of heaven as witness. (Pomeroy's *Chronicle*.)

Apart from the absolute crime of first conniving at adultery, and secondly at murder, Cranmer's relations with Anne Boleyn stamp him as base as Iago, and as treacherous as Judas. In the case of Catherine of Arragon, there was at least not the additional sin of perfidy in friendship. She was personally an entire stranger to him, although as his queen he owed her faithful allegiance. But his nature was not sufficiently sensitive to picture the grief of this noble, isolated woman in the outrage bestowed upon a princess of a mighty empire, and daughter of the renowned stock of Ferdinand and Isabella; a queen peerless in virtue; a Christian wife and mother thus cast from her legitimate high estate to stand pilloried before the world as a cast-off concubine, and her only child branded as a bastard! Even Mr. Froude, his apologist, condemns his want of heart thus: "It might be supposed that, engaged as he had been as a chief actor in a matter which, if he had done nothing else, had broken the heart of a high-born lady, whom he had once honored as his queen, he would have been either silent about his exploits, or if he had spoken of them would not have spoken without some show of emotion. We look for a symptom of feeling, but we do not find it. When the coronation festivities were over, the Archbishop wrote to his friends an account of what had been done by himself and others in a light gossiping tone of commonplace relation. We have been disappointed."* If Cranmer deserves such condemnation for this callousness, what can be said regarding his conduct toward Anne Boleyn? He knew her intimately; he had been a guest for months in her father's house; was

her confidential adviser, and some even say her confessor. Yet before these claims, no sooner had the cold and haughty beauty of Jane Seymour lured the king from her quondam friend, than Cranmer threw off the mask, and stepped boldly on the side where the new light was beaming. Even on the very day that Anne Boleyn was executed this model prelate signed the dispensation and other ecclesiastical forms essential to the marriage of Henry VIII and Jane Seymour. And yet the Protestants of that day claimed Anne Boleyn as a patroness of the Reformation, a neophyte of the man who aided in sending her to the block!

Anomalous as was every phase of Cranmer's character, what judgment should be meted to those "first peers of the realm," blood relations and old friends, who condemned, without a shadow of legal proof, that unfortunate woman to death. To gain the favor of royalty, and avenge some personal pique, Lady Rochester swore away her own husband's life, the brother of Anne Boleyn, upon a charge too horribly unnatural to repeat; one, however, which has found its counterpart in Mrs. Stowe's story of Lady Byron's wrongs. Her own father, the infamous Earl of Wiltshire, sat among her judges, and before her blood was cold he was doing the bidding of the king as Lord High Steward of the projected household of Jane Seymour. Her uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, pronounced the fearful sentence that condemned Anne to be "burned to death at the stake," which was, however, commuted by "royal clemency" to the sword.

How low must have fallen the inherent principles of those men who surrounded and ministered to the lawless passions, the leonine cruelty of Henry, when feeding the scaffold with the women who had inspired love, and shared his moments alike of pain and joy. Yet these are the

* Froude's *England*, vol. 1, p. 458.

examples that Mr. Froude holds up for the world's admiration as "*unblemished nobles*." Were he less stolidly *grim*, as a rule, one might suppose that he only therein sought a correspondence or comparison with the *Messieurs les Assassins* of the French humorist, Alphonse Kare.

It is painful to be thus forced, from weight of testimony, to adhere alone to the side of prosecution; but even admitting the amiable side of the Archbishop's character, as claimed by his friends, yet we must confess that when the foundation is proved to be so totally devoid of principle, and morally oblique, that we cannot set a few agreeable personal qualities against the crumbling weakness of the chief corner-stone. Doctor Littledale, a distinguished clergyman of the Anglican Church, in his *Lectures on the Characters of the First English Reformers*, thus handles Cranmer: "I have ever held that courage in a man ranks with purity in a woman, and tested by any such comparison Cranmer must take his stand with liars and messalina, nay, with the nameless depravities which we associate with Faustina and Sappho. Every crime which tempted him he committed; every crime which any one in power wished to commit, he assisted or condoned."* Then after drawing the comparison between characters in the Old Testament, wherein David, Elijah, Daniel, and John the Baptist might have perverted their mission, he concludes: "And yet each of them, had he stopped short there, would have been incomparably less guilty than Thomas Cranmer, whose whole life was a tissue of like acts." We must omit here his complicity in the divorce of Anne of Cleves. At the time of Henry's death Cranmer was an old man. Had there been any remorse for his past course he might have redeemed many errors through his influence with the boy-king, Ed-

ward, but instead of repentance, he seemed precipitated into sins of a deeper dye. The quasi Catholic prelate now became the open apostate; the wily courtier, who had hidden his demoniacal counsels in the walls of the king's privy closet, now became the open champion of the severest persecutions against all who differed from his *fiat*. The penal statute which proclaimed "punishment of death and forfeiture of estate for those who denied the Christian religion," bear the seal, in effect, of his hand.

When the young king shrank from the enormities daily perpetrated, it was Cranmer who, as spiritual adviser, perverted his tender mind by the use of theological sophistries to win him to his purpose. In the case of Joan Bochee, "Maid of Kent," one of the reformed preachers, Cranmer and Latimer were among the inquisitors from whom she received condemnation of death for persistently maintaining her own views of the incarnation. Edward, however, refused to sign the warrant, in hope of her conversion, and reprieved her for one year, but Cranmer urged the example of Moses, who had condemned blasphemers to be stoned, and thus induced the king to let the law take its course.* When the jealousy of the Protector Somerset was turned against his brother, the Admiral Thomas Seymour, the widower of Catharine Parr, Cranmer, in conjunction with Somerset, signed the warrant for his execution, although he knew that "the canons prohibited to clergymen all participation in judgment of blood."†

Thus Unitarians, Anabaptists, and Catholics were doomed to death, whilst their murderer spent his leisure hours in compiling the book of *Common Prayer*, and *Homilies on the Way to Salvation*. However sincere the professors of the reformed religion may have subsequently become, at this time the zeal was not

* Men and Women of the Reformation, by S. H. Burke.

* Lingard.

† Ibid.

with the nobles and gentry, but with the poor and ignorant. The former doffed the new dress on Mary's accession, and donned it again at the advent of Elizabeth.

Cranmer's excuse for the part he took in the will of Edward, which disinherited both Mary and Elizabeth, that "he could not resist the intreaties of the king," only makes his weakness more apparent. Says Macaulay: "A holy prelate of 61 we would think might be better employed by the bedside of a dying child than committing crimes at the request of his disciple."* Had his treachery ended there we might find palliation, but he next becomes the accomplice of the unprincipled Dudley, in forcing an innocent young girl into usurpation, knowing that the hereditary title was solemnly vested in Mary.

And now at last the culminating hour arrives. All efforts to defeat justice have proved abortive, and the first prelate of the realm stands face to face with his Nemesis. Does she strike him with summary vengeance, as her father and sister would have done by such an enemy? No. Although he had been the author of all the woes of her life and by his malign influence poisoned every channel of possible happiness, by the repeated premeditated acts of treachery already detailed, yet, instead of resenting at once, when the opportunity offered, this series of injuries, she proved the native generosity of her heart by permitting him to perform the obsequies of her brother, with all the grandeur of his official position. For several months after her accession, he was left at perfect liberty to injure her, the only restraint put upon him being an order to confine himself to his palace of Lambeth. Seemingly bent, however, upon his own destruction, both clemency and warning were lost upon him, for he soon after published a coarse and violent attack upon the

queen's religion, well knowing that it was the most precious treasure of her crown, and guilty therein of blasphemies far more abhorrent than he had caused others to be burnt for during Henry's reign. Next came his arrest, not by Mary individually, but by the will and demand of Parliament. Two years, however, were still given him before the final trial which resulted in his condemnation, together with Ridley and Latimer (which was insisted upon by the council), for their complicity in Northumberland's rebellion, as Strype says, for "ensample's sake." Cranmer's firmness before the Oxford convocation, though defeated in his theology, might have been creditable to his consistency, were it not for the speedy termination of his assumed courage upon the execution of Ridley and Latimer. All but love of life abandoned him then, and he was ready to cringe before the uplifted hand. Then it was that his hopes centred upon one of the many recantations,—seven in all, according to Strype and Fox. In that last desperate throw for life, he compares his own course as persecutor of the Church, to that of St. Paul, and prays that an opportunity may likewise be afforded him to rebuild what he has destroyed. Although he considers himself deserving of eternal punishment, yet, like the thief on the cross, he hopes that his cry for mercy may be heard. He also acknowledges the base use he made of his power, to the injury of religion, the queen, and hosts of innocent victims in these words: "That I exceedingly offended against King Henry VIII, and especially Queen Catherine, his wife, when I was *the cause and author of the divorce*, which fault was indeed the seminary of all the evils and calamities of this realm. Hence so many slaughters of good men; hence the schism of the whole kingdom; hence heresies, hence the destruction of so many souls and bodies sprang, that I can scarce comprehend

* Review of Hallam's Constitutional History.

with reason, but when these are so great beginnings of grief, I acknowledge I opened a great window to all heresies, whereof myself acted the chief doctor and leader.”* No innocent man would thus deliberately condemn himself. Had he attested the sincerity of this recantation, and accepted death as the great retribution of his perjured life, of his insidious wiles in luring the young to bitter war and death,—of the blasphemous use he made of his sacred calling, perverting every moral and noble instinct of honor; had he cancelled the record thus, he might be yet glorified by his friends, and respected by his enemies, although he could never be crowned with the nimbus of the martyr, since his death was the result of a trial, more for state treason than for religious perversion. But false to the last, he has left with his own hand the base perfidy of his soul, even in presence of the pending judgment of his Maker. After properly signing the above document, to be read at the stake in the fatuous hope of a reprieve at the last moment, he basely prepared, secretly, a second paper, which in case pardon should not be extended, he intended to substitute, for the consolation of his friends, and the chagrin of his enemies. This deceit, was, as Macaulay says, “in strict accordance with the system on which he had constantly acted.” Again, he says: “We do not blame him for not choosing to be burned alive. But surely, a man who liked the fire so little should have had some sympathy for others. A persecutor who inflicts nothing which he is not

ready to endure, deserves some respect.”

Vacillating, perfidious, treacherous to the last, there is no redeeming evidence in his whole career, of warmth in affection or fidelity in friendship. Apparently devoted to Lord Cromwell,* hand in hand with him in every deed of treachery and blood, seemingly as much devoted to his person as to the influence of his position with Henry, yet when the tide of royal favor turned against him, without a heart pang, or a qualm of conscience, he voted for his destruction, not even claiming for him the benefit of a trial. There is no trace of self-retrospect in any part of his life; no period when the nobler elements of character were warring with the baser instincts, unless, indeed, we except the sorrow over the loss of his first wife, which for a time influenced his return to the path of religious consistency and moral rectitude. Diverging again, there *could be no return, for “the last state of that man shall be worse than the first.”* Thenceforth casting his lot with the worshippers of Mammon, he dropped the veil over conscience, and turned a deaf ear to the silent voices that might have awakened an emotion of remorseful regret. And this is the man upon whose manes Mary Tudor has been immolated for three hundred years. To “that remorseless right hand,” she still owes the cruel injustice and false testimony that falls like a blight upon her name.

* “At the period that the Countess of Salisbury and other notables were condemned to death, Cranmer and Cromwell reigned without control in the king’s councils.”—(Burke.) Scarcely an execution took place at that time which might not have been condoned by the influence of either of these men.

* Spalding’s History of the Reformation.

VAL-MAUD.

A LEGEND OF THE LIMOUSIN.

(Translated from the French.)

THERE is a little corner of France, traversed by fertile mountains, where the gray granite is mingled with the blooming heath, where for the traveller each step is a surprise, each crease of the soil conceals a new view, sometimes the hills basking in the light of the sun, sometimes the limpid stream, whose waterfall whitens with light waves the feet of the tall green poplars, and whose transparent shadows they bear on its bosom. This is the Limousin. In the cities alone is heard the noise of machinery, which in civilized countries aid the laborer to cultivate the farm, but here in these mountains the peasant is poor and ignorant, living upon nothing, believing in God, loving his fields, cultivating with weary arms and silent resignation a soil too picturesque to be productive. In one of these gorges at the foot of a hill, whose sides were covered with rocks and thorny shrubs, arose the gloomy and sombre walls of Val-Maud. Sad as its name (Cursed Vale) was the old chateau, with its gates closed, its courts deserted, its wide stairs cold and silent. Sadder still was the group of pines which extended their branches to meet the dark ivy that covered the turrets. Towards the west an immense park sloped down to the stream, and gave a little life to this cold, desolate abode. There were, however, neither golden fruits nor brilliant flowers; a long grass-plat unfolded itself on the left, and on the right was a lake with a hedge of reeds; all around were immense trees and clumps of thick foliage, intersected by broad, straight paths; no swans upon the lake, no hunters in the forest, no children on the lawn. Val-Maud was well named,

and the sorrow that weighed on this afflicted family seemed to have imparted to the landscape the same air of fixed sadness impressed upon the brow of the Comte de Solange.

A stranger was rarely admitted into the chateau, seldom permitted to witness the dejection of the Count, nor the heart-rending expression on the noble face of the Countess. They lived in complete seclusion, dwelling upon the past, and letting the years glide by without friends to console them, or acquaintances to divert them. What profound grief was thus buried in this desert? This man bending under the weight of life rather than years; this woman in the garments of woe, with pale lips and hungry eyes, had been young and beautiful, and life to them had once been bright and joyous as a summer's day. But "impartial fate, that knocks at the palace and the cottage gate," had visited them five times, and had left only in that stately home their last born, the only one they could have willingly spared; one whose soul was obscured, and for whom his twenty years of life have been one long period of childhood. This is why Val-Maud is a desert; this is why the Count groans perpetually from wounded pride, and the mother's days are spent in weeping.

Thirty years previous the chateau was called Val-des-Roses; the Count had just married, and the country around was rejoicing in the splendid fêtes given in honor. The young Count was handsome and haughty. Oh! so haughty, proud, and hard to the poor. He never had a kind word for them, never excused a fault; if rain or sun had destroyed their

crops he never pitied their misfortune; still they were loyal to their young lord, and warmly welcomed his noble Countess. The chateau for some months had been filled with many guests, and a variety of entertainments inaugurated for their amusement. One day a grand hunting party was formed. It was on a lovely day in September, a day when Nature forgets she will soon die, and decks herself in all her richest hues. The sun shone everywhere; it lighted up the outriders in the thicket; it gilded the horns of the garde-de-chasse; it tinged with golden shades every leaf in the forest. A wild boar was being pursued, and the danger only heightened the interest in the chase. All at once the horns simultaneously resounded, and the vociferous barking of the pack gave warning of the near proximity of the animal. The huntsmen advanced *en masse* towards la Croix du Loup, where the enraged boar was slaughtering dogs who so rabidly attacked him; the outriders vainly called them; no one dared approach him or fire upon him for fear of killing the dogs. The Count was furious, and cried out: "My dogs! They allow my dogs to be killed! even Dianne! my beautiful Dianne! Raymond, go take her away, I will not lose her!" "My lord it is impossible," replied Raymond, trembling. Raymond was a young outrider born upon the Count's estates, and accustomed to obey his slightest command. "I think you said it was impossible," said the young Count, with wrath in his eye, at the same time spurring his horse upon the young peasant, and cutting him with his whip. The boy hesitated no longer; with his knife in his hand he sprang upon the boar that was tearing the "beautiful Dianne" to pieces. There was a murmur of indignation, a shudder of fear among the party present. Raymond's knife glanced over the skin of the animal, who plunged his tusks into the breast of the peasant, then

with a bound leaped across the circle of hounds, and disappeared in the dense forest. They hastened towards the young peasant. He opened his eyes, and looking at the Count, faintly said: "I knew I would be killed," and fell to the ground, a corpse. The young Countess uttered a cry of terror, and another of despair replied to it, as an old woman with whitened face and wild eyes threw herself upon the body of the poor boy. "Dead! he is dead! He has killed all the joy I have in the world! all I had to love! He has killed him! He was the master, and the child had to obey his orders. It is infamous! I will die too of grief and despair. He is dead, my child is dead! Curses upon him who sent my child to be killed," and raising herself she called out to the Count with a voice that rang through the forest: "Thou hast killed my child. I curse thee and thy children; I curse thy family and thy house! Go now and leave me with my dead!" and she fell upon her knees, raising in her arms and pressing to her heart the lifeless form of her boy, so overwhelmed by grief as to be totally oblivious to all that was transpiring around her. The Countess was carried off fainting, and early the next day the guests all left the chateau. The painful impression of this tragic scene was soon effaced; the fatal prediction utterly forgotten in the joy, festivity, and happiness which returned to the chateau with the birth of son and heir to the noble house of Solange. But one day the old peasant, whom they had never seen since, reappeared in the neighborhood, accompanied by her goats. One night in the gloaming she entered the court-yard of the chateau, and walked into the kitchen, seating herself without uttering a word. The servants hastened to inform their master, who came without delay. The old creature arose, and looking at him fixedly, said, "Thy son is ill," and shaking her head knowingly, left as quietly as she had entered. During

the night the child was attacked with the croup, and died. Four other children were born, and four times did the silent old woman return to the chateau, and they all pined and faded away. The chateau from that period was called Val-Maud; desolation spread around it; friends and neighbors withdrew from it. A sixth child was born, but he had been afflicted from his birth, and it seemed as if he were spared them because his life would cause his parents more sorrow than his death. Twenty years passed, and the woman and her goats had disappeared. The Count, buried in his grief as much as in the depths of his forest, had become gloomier day by day; he seemed absorbed in the one thought, that the de Solanges, so proud of their old name, had in their ancient chateau only an old man and an idiot.

Not far from the castle, on the other side of the park, in the midst of vines and wheat, arose like a charming, fragrant bouquet a little villa painted pink, with green shutters. The walls were concealed under the drapery of creeping vines and plants. On all sides were trees, tufted box, cedars, lovely flowers, and nestling branches. It was a lovely spot, and was called Moss-Rose Villa. A young girl often appeared at the windows, surrounded by the fragrant blossoms and rosebuds, looking fresher than the flowers themselves; her hair more golden than the wheat; her eyes more blue than the forget-me-nots; and her voice as joyous as her birds. "Good-morning, grandmother dear! did you sleep well?" was her usual salutation. The old lady's face was very sweet; her white hair fell in soft curls over her smooth forehead; her mouth small and expressive; her gentle, sad eyes seemed to have wept so much that they were still veiled in tears; it was only when her little Blanche appeared that a flush of their old brightness shone through their mist. Blanche was six-

teen, an orphan from her birth; her mother had closed her eyes as hers opened in this world, and her father sank to rest six months after on the field of Austerlitz. She had grown up in her dear old grandmother's cottage, and those dear old eyes had rested upon her night and day, lavishing upon that golden head a wealth of love and tender devotion in the isolation of her old age. For Blanche and the old lady the universe was bounded by their garden gate; the ripple of their uneventful lives was only disturbed by an occasional visit from a neighbor; their joys consisted in cultivating flowers and the creeping plants which adorned their tiny villa, and sharing with the poor the delicious fruits of their orchard; their sorrows—they had none. One childish regret, however, had remained indelibly impressed upon Blanche's memory, when at ten years of age she parted from Henri Brugère, her companion, who passed every morning on his way to school; Henri, so gay, so kind, who fished with her in the limpid streams, who climbed the trees so nimbly and brought her tiny birds and eggs; Henri, who called her his little wife. His father sent him to college. Blanche wept very bitterly when he came to say "adieu." Only twice did he return during his vacations, and then only for a few brief days. Mons. Brugère took him to his aunt at Paris, and Blanche saw no more of him. Four years had passed since his visit, and she heard that he had completed his studies. When Mons. Brugère was questioned concerning his son, he replied gayly, rubbing his hands with glee: "He is a fine fellow; will advance rapidly in his profession, and will marry well. I took good care to prevent him from making a foolish match, and destroying his future prospects." Blanche was too young to understand these manœuvres, and had long since become accustomed to his absence. One day Blanche was terrified to find that she

could not awaken her grandmother. God had bestowed on her eternal rest. She realized the great calamity which had befallen her through the tears and lamentations of their old servant, and the poor child nearly died of grief and anguish. When her dear old grandmother had been laid to rest, and she beheld her vacant chair, and wandered through their little nook *alone*, she was desolate and broken-hearted; asking herself what was to become of her. She could see no refuge, no strong arm to lean upon, no consolation, nothing but solitude, grief, and isolation. The poor child wept bitterly, and yearned "for the touch of a vanished hand."

The curé came to see her and soothed her by his gentle teachings; a few days after Mons. Brugère, the lawyer, called and explained to the orphan the exact state of her affairs. A life interest, which had supported them, ceased at her grandmother's death; her only inheritance was Moss-Rose Villa and surroundings, but that of course could not support her, besides she could not live alone in an isolated house. "I will work," said the poor girl proudly. "Poor child, what will you do? you are too refined to do menial work, too young to teach; what will you do?" Blanche's head, which had been raised so defiantly, was lowered, and she wept passionately. "Come," said the lawyer, apparently in a benevolent mood, "take courage, little Blanche, I am your friend. I will not leave you comfortless. I pledge myself to find you a home. Who knows, a great blessing may be in store for you. You are very pretty, I may be the good fairy; we cannot tell—perhaps," and he departed, leaving Blanche surprised, anxious and sadder than before he came. As he withdrew, he murmured to himself, "She is devilishly handsome; I was right to keep Henri out of the way." Mons. Brugère, the lawyer, was a short stout man, with small

sharp black eyes, a prominent nose, and a large mouth. He was as shrewd as he was active, always jovial, rarely scrupulous, knowing the strength and weakness of every family in the neighborhood.

One beautiful morning in April he called at the chateau. Count de Solange was reading Voltaire, by the fireside; the Countess was quietly telling her beads; her son was at her feet embroidering; from time to time he raised his eyes from the canvass and looked at his mother, who returned the look by one of the warmest affection and tenderness. The servant announced Mons. Brugère. "Alfred," said the Countess, "let us retire." She disliked the lawyer. "Remain," said the Count, in a curt tone. She seated herself again, her son nestled closely, and looking curiously at the lawyer, held his mother's hand nervously during the interview. Mons. Brugère bowed first to one, then to the other, looked embarrassed, turned on his chair, coughed, until the Count impatiently said, "Well, Mons. Brugère!" "Well, Count, it is as I told you, the child has no resources; she is sixteen, and beautiful; you know, Count, how deeply I am interested in her, so if the proposal I have made meets with your approval, I will inform her of the brilliant destiny which awaits her here." "A marriage with Alfred is in question," said the Count, turning to his wife, explaining to her, in his usual frigid tones, the advantages to be derived from such a union. "Marry Alfred!" exclaimed the Countess, rising with surprise and terror. The Count was immovable. The little lawyer visibly agitated. The poor mother, startled by this idea, which had never presented itself to her, repeated in a low mournful tone, "Marry Alfred!" and her eyes, filled with tears, rested on her idiot child. Alfred de Solange was twenty-five years of age; he was thin and pale, his hair light, his eyes blue, with a vague but rather sweet expres-

sion. His mother alone could cause a smile to hover over his thin lips; he was afraid of his father; was afraid of everything loud and harsh, and was attracted to everything in nature which was gentle and weak like himself. "As to your fee, Mons. Brugère, you will name it yourself;" and he added, in a tone that he tried to render flippant, "you will inform her that I will settle upon her 200,000 francs. Did you not say she was pretty? So much the better, I may yet live to see a worthy heir to the name of Solange." He rose and directed his course towards the door. One could see in the change of his voice and his nervous gestures, how revolting to his sense of honor and nobility, how crushing to his pride, this desire of seeing his name perpetuated at *any* price. "To whom do you wish to marry him?" asked the Countess. "Madame de Solange," replied the lawyer, "she is the granddaughter of—" The Count cut him short by saying, "She is named Blanche," and left the room abruptly with the lawyer. A week after, Blanche was installed at the chateau, and preparations for the marriage had begun. Frightened at the hasty change in her existence, not quite understanding what was required of her, forced by her lonely situation to accept the refuge offered her, the bewildered child only knew one thing, that her dear grandmother was dead, her only support gone, the only one who loved her and whom she loved had been taken away from her, that she had been snatched from all that was dear and familiar, and had been brought to a new home. She was gentle and young, had never had a will of her own, so she submitted now, sadly, it is true, to the new life marked out for her. Accustomed to obey her lord and master implicitly, the Countess yielded to his decree, ordered preparations for this marriage, which seemed to her a sacrilege, she so pitied the young desolate girl whose future destiny was dis-

posed of without even consulting her, or preparing her for the sacrifice. She asked herself if Blanche would not abhor Alfred, if she would not be afraid of him and perhaps kill him through her disdain and hatred of him. Her usual sorrow, silent and resigned, gave way to a terrible and restless anxiety. She had exacted a delay of three months, in order to console the young girl and to accustom her to the society of her son. Blanche was allowed to go out at all times; she wandered around the silent chateau at will, but soon lost her light step and joyous tones, and wept constantly whilst walking through the sombre avenues. Her favorite spot was a little summer house near the lake; she spent whole days there, thinking on her happy past. The Countess had given Blanche a pretty room hung with azure blue drapery, situated in the west turret. Every morning she came there to embrace her and bring her some token—sometimes a pretty bird in a golden cage—sometimes rare flowers, then again a lovely picture. Little by little Blanche learned to love this tall pale lady with eyes so sad and voice so tender. She told her her new sorrows, her fears; she dwelt on her happy days at the villa, and her dear old parent; the arms of the sad mother opened to receive her, and she impressed upon her brow a kiss that seemed the birth of a new love, a new sensation for her, the sorrow-stricken mother. "Blanche," said she, "do you wish to be my daughter? Will you love Alfred? If you only knew how gentle and good he is!" "Madame," replied the poor child, "I would like to, but" the Countess closed her lips with a kiss and hurried out of the room. Blanche went to the window and leaned out; her heart was troubled, tears were in her eyes, when she suddenly heard an unknown voice by her side, saying, "You are named Blanche?" She raised her head and met the surprised gaze of Alfred,

who looked at her as a child looks upon the picture of Murillo's Madonna. He seized the beautiful golden hair floating over her shoulders, and kissed it over and over. Blanche arose terrified at the act. "I entreat you," said the Countess approaching. Blanche turned tremblingly towards Alfred, and tendered him her hand.

One year passed since Blanche had become the wife of the afflicted man. Count de Solange had been carried to the tomb; the birth of a granddaughter had so disappointed him, that on being apprised of it he exclaimed, "Cursed! I am still cursed!" and fell dead upon the floor. Blanche felt a profound pity for her husband, mingled with fear and repulsion; she took great care of him, amused and humored him, but alas! love him she could not. He adored her in his weak way; everything interesting him formerly had yielded to his absorbing love for his wife. She was his universe, his all; his eyes were upon her always; if she smiled he clapped his hands like a child, and shouted for joy. One evening she approached the piano, which had not been opened for months; her fingers glided over the keys, and she played at random as if in a listless reverie. She was startled by an exclamation which seemed to proceed from the direction of the window. She was aroused, and turning abruptly saw a shadow disappear from the open window; she glanced around her and saw Alfred on his knees behind her, weeping and kissing the hem of her dress. "Play again, I beg you," said he in a suppliant tone. Blanche smiled bitterly as she looked at him; seating him near her, she played dancing airs, and soon lulled him to sleep. "I wonder who was at the window?" she murmured. The next morning she had entirely forgotten the previous night's occurrence, and took her husband and child to her usual

seat in the park. This was her favorite spot; she seated herself on a rustic bench which she had ordered to be placed near a cluster of pink laurel, not far from the iron railing of the park. With a carpet of moss at her feet, and the long branches of the arching trees above her, she sat in her pretty nest and placed the infant on the turf, whilst Alfred threw himself beside his child, and commenced cutting out playthings with his penknife. Blanche had given him the idea, having discovered that he was skilful with his hands and possessed considerable taste in fashioning his carvings. Blanche smiled upon her children at her feet, embroidered a little, then read, and was for some time absorbed in her book. When she raised her eyes she was surprised to see through the iron railings of the park just facing her, a young man seated on a hillock with a sketch-book and crayon in hand. From time to time he looked at her attentively, then lowering his eyes and running his pencil over the paper. She was convinced that the stranger was taking her portrait; she blushed at such audacity; her pride revolted at the liberty, and rising hurriedly she placed her infant in its little carriage, threw in the toys, signed to Alfred to follow, and without uttering a word, walked straight back to the chateau. The artist made a gesture which seemed to say, "What a pity!" leaned his forehead against the railing, followed her with his eyes as long as he could see her, put the portfolio under his arm, and withdrew, singing as loud as he could Schubert's Serenade. Blanche heard from afar this rich sonorous voice, and listened to it with emotion. The recollections of the shadow seen the evening previous, coupled with the incident of the day, gave rise to strange emotions; she said nothing however. What could she say? to whom? The Countess had not left her bed since the death of her husband; she seldom spoke to any one;

thus the young innocent Blanche was left entirely alone, and she was not yet nineteen. If Blanche had possessed more reason, had had more experience, she would have been terribly frightened at her lonely situation, but she was still the veriest child, feeling at times the great void in her life, without asking herself what was wanting; she was weary of her monotonous life and sighed for another without looking beyond the walls of Val-Maud. So, after the first moment of anger had passed, she thought more kindly of the stranger; she almost thanked him in her heart for the diversion which his presence had caused in the dull routine of her life. She tried to recall his features, and was sorry that she had fled so hastily, thought that she would like to know what he was sketching so intently, and promised herself to return to her favorite position on the morrow and display a little more curiosity. Accordingly the next day she started at an earlier hour. Upon arriving there she found the unknown awaiting her; she blushed violently, and knew not whether to remain; in her embarrassment she stood still, her eyes fixed upon the ground, standing between the child's carriage and Alfred, who alternately looked at his wife and the stranger.

The latter took off his hat and said, "Madame, pardon me, if—" At the first sound of his voice Blanche raised her eyes and stared at the stranger. "Henri!" she exclaimed, and rushed towards the iron gate; but, on reaching it, an intuitive feeling restrained her, and she mechanically withdrew her hand which she had passed through the bars.

"You recognize me; how happy I am, Madame; I dared not hope you would."

"Oh, yes! I recognize you," said Blanche with genuine joy, "and how glad I am to see you, so many things have happened since I met you last."

"Yes, you married young," said Henri.

Blanche involuntarily lowered her head and made no reply.

Little Madeleine commenced to cry. Blanche ran to her, and bringing her triumphantly in her arms, said: "Look, Henri; look at my daughter; is she not pretty?"

"Very pretty," said Henri; "will you permit me to paint her portrait?"

"Her portrait! Oh, what happiness!"

"Yesterday I began yours without your consent, but you left so suddenly."

"But I did not recognize you," she replied quickly. "Why did you not come to the chateau?"

"I have no right; I am only a poor artist, you are the Countess de Solange."

Blanche's eyes filled with tears, and she replied almost angrily: "Do you remember me so little that you dare utter such words? What matters it? I am still Blanche—the Blanche of other days. Have you become so wicked that, instead of allowing me to think that I have again found an old friend, you force me to undeceive myself?"

She had become quite anxious and animated whilst talking, and tears were flowing down her cheeks, which were flushed crimson with emotion. Alfred, who had followed her when she took her child to exhibit her to the stranger, looked at her sorrowfully, and cast angry glances upon Henri. "Let us go back," he said, pulling at her dress.

"How good and beautiful you are," continued Henri, in a low, persuasive voice. "How happy I feel to hear you speak thus. If you but knew how rejoiced I am to behold you again; but I will not visit you at the chateau; I could not go there, and then—"

"It is dull," said Blanche.

"That is not the reason; but I do not care to see you as the Countess, a great lady; I should be ill at ease. Whilst here in the park, in the midst of these trees and flowers, I see you

as you are still in my memory, the little Blanche of childhood's days, whom I have never ceased to remember."

"Why did you not return sooner?" said the young creature.

"Why?" replied the young man with bitterness. "My father would not permit me!"

"Ah! your father was very kind to me; it was he who brought me here, to Madame de Solange, when I was lonely and distressed."

Henri trembled with anger. "Do not speak of that!" he said.

"You have returned to remain altogether?" asked Blanche, earnestly.

"Yes, altogether; and Blanche, you will come to the railing every day; promise me?"

"Oh, I cannot, say; it is impossible. Oh, no—"

"However," Henri ventured to say, "to paint the child's portrait?"

"Oh, Madeleine's portrait; will you be able to sketch her through the railing?"

"Sit down where you were yesterday and look at me."

Blanche smiled and seated herself between the laurel bushes, happy, and yet a little dissatisfied in her heart, fearing that she was doing wrong; yet the presence of Alfred reassured her, and then she thought that he was *outside* the railing, and anybody had a right to look through it and sketch off what pleased them; besides he was Henri, the companion of her childhood, and there was surely no harm in sitting to him. She seated Madeleine upon her knees, kissing her tenderly, smiled at Alfred (who did not cease staring at Henri in a very savage manner), soothed him with sweet childish words and caresses, as she was wont to bestow on her infant. When she saw him resume his usual occupation, cutting out cardboard and carving in wood, she turned her eyes towards the railing and looked stealthily at the one who was gazing upon her with his eyes and soul.

"How changed he is; I wonder that I knew him. He seems very happy."

He in the meantime sketched rapidly, and the hour sped; the child awoke and cried; her mother arose and prepared to return to the castle.

"To-morrow," she murmured, and, smiling, bade him adieu.

That night Alfred took a piece of paper and a pencil, seating himself to draw opposite Blanche. "Look at me!" he said.

She looked at him with surprise; but he exclaimed, in a supplicating tone, "Not like that! Look at me as you look at him."

Blanche could not sleep that night; the sudden appearance of Henri disturbed her. She was overjoyed to have seen him again. All the incidents connected with her childhood crowded upon her. She saw herself again at Moss-Rose Villa, roaming over the grounds with Henri, fishing in the running stream, robbing birds' nests, gathering nuts, swinging—always together. Then suddenly she saw him behind the park gates as she had seen him that day, and she was soon lost in a profound reverie. "Why did he decline to come to the castle?" He had urged her to come to the park gates every day; it seemed natural to obey him, yet she shrank from doing so. "Was it wrong, then? But who could censure her? she was mistress of the castle."

For the first time she felt a thrill of pride in saying this: "It is true I am a Countess," said she with a smile. "It is a fine thing to be a Countess;" but a painful thought kept intruding itself, "If it were Henri, instead of poor Alfred, who was the Count"—and she shuddered guiltily. "Poor Alfred!" she added, "I neglected him yesterday, and that was not kind." Rising, she wrapped a shawl around her, and stole softly, with slippered feet, to his couch. He slept peacefully; she gently kissed his forehead, looked at him

intently a long time, and murmured: "How pale he is! how unfortunate that—" She shuddered and quickly returned to her apartment. Early the next morning she left her chamber; she was restless after the sleepless night; she had need of bracing air to cool her feverish frame; she strolled mechanically towards the old lodge. Just as she reached it she saw the branches of the great oak shading the house suddenly part, and a young man spring down and alight at her feet. She was so surprised, so startled, that she had no strength to utter a cry. She attempted to flee hastily, but he did not give her time. He advanced rapidly, seized both hands, saying very tenderly: "Blanche, have no fear of me!" Blanche's heart beat violently, but she disengaged her hands, and threw herself upon the rustic seat under the laurels. Henri stood before her contemplating her in mute ecstasy. "Blanche, you are so kind to come to me; you guessed that I was waiting for you, did you not?" She observed a scratch on his temple as he bent his head. "Heavens, you are wounded!" she cried.

"Oh, it is nothing," said he. "I sprained my wrist the other night; I am learning the way now to get in."

"It was you, then, at the window the other evening, when I was playing and dreaming?"

"Yes, Blanche, it was I. I returned home a week ago, and have inquired from every one concerning you. Vague reports of your marriage reached me in Paris. When, however, I mentioned you in my letters, I received no answer whatever. It was from the peasants of the neighborhood I obtained satisfactory information; your grandmother's death; your sudden desolate situation; what my father did; but do not let me dwell on that!" he added, in an angry tone. "Well, I felt an inordinate desire to see you again, to know if you were really

happy and content. I longed to assure myself that you had not utterly forgotten me. I wandered around the park walls, hoping to catch a glimpse of you. One night I heard the sweetest, saddest music. I could resist no longer; I climbed the tree near the lodge, crept down from the roof, and entered the grounds. Concealed by the thick foliage beneath the windows, I listened to your sweet voice, and gazed on your familiar form once more."

"But to-day!" said Blanche reproachfully, but visibly moved.

"But to-day!" cried the young man, "I do more than see you at a distance; I press your hands and look into your eyes as of yore! Am I not the friend of your childhood? Do you not wish me to speak of those happy days?"

"Oh, yes, speak of them," said Blanche. "Do you not remember how you decked me with wreaths of daisies and wild flowers, and I personated the fairy queen of the villa? And how you would often hide yourself in the heaps of new-mown hay, and I would search for you everywhere?"

Recollections of their childhood crowded upon them; they both spoke at once; laughed from sheer remembrance of how merrily they had laughed in those days. They strolled together, mechanically clinging to each other, as they passed along a narrow path edged with honeysuckle and eglantine.

"Do you remember the last time I went to see you, during my long vacation, and you gave me a white rose which bloomed near your own window?"

"Yes, I remember it. I held a bouquet of them in my hands and was scattering the leaves around. You said: 'Give them to me and they will cheer me on my journey!'"

"And you gave me the choicest; here it is!" said Henri, taking from his pocket the dead flower, carefully encased in silk.

"You have it still?" said Blanche in a broken voice.

"I kept it, as I kept in the depths of my heart the remembrance and ardent hope of finding you still free!"

Blanche turned pale and trembled with emotion.

Before she could answer, they heard a voice calling her, and steps hurrying towards them. Henri plunged into the thicket; Blanche, terribly agitated, rushed to meet Alfred, who came towards her with anxiety and curiosity depicted on his countenance. As soon as he perceived her, he ran towards her and kissed her hands with delight; then casting a furtive glance around, said:

"He is not here! I do not want him to come here!"

Blanche, never having seen him so before, tried to calm him by her smiles and caresses, spoke to him of little Madeleine, and succeeded in leading him to the house. A world of new sensations was revealed to her heart; Henri's words were still lingering in her ears, thrilling her as nothing had ever done before; it was as though an immense joy annihilated her, stifled her, and could only be expressed by tears; she seemed to walk as one in a dream. It appeared to her that Alfred's eyes were ever on her; he seemed to observe her slightest movements, and she was ill at ease under his apparent scrutiny.

"He is my husband, I have sworn to love him, and I must be loyal to him;" she repeated this to herself ever and anon. "He is my husband. What I have done is wrong. I must see *him* alone no more. I will not listen to Henri, he troubles me; I neglect my two helpless children. I'll never go out without Alfred and Madeleine."

For a week Blanche did not frequent the park, but she kept asking herself constantly: "What must Henri think of this? How disappointed he has been this long week during my prolonged absence. It

is cruel of me not to have uttered one word of adieu." She fancied she caught glimpses of him watching for her in the avenues; she dreaded he might commit some rash act. The least noise startled her in her fever of excitement. Finally, one evening, she could stand it no longer, and about twilight she stole down to the lodge. She espied Henri seated on the rustic bench, his head bent down dejectedly. As her steps grew near, he raised his eyes and uttered a cry of joy.

"At last!" said he, drawing her towards him. "Eight weary, interminable days have passed since I last saw you. I dared not approach the chateau and could not stay away; I have been here day by day, with the hope of seeing you!"

She replied, speaking rapidly, with a choked voice: "Henri, do not come here; it is wrong; I must not see you; it annoys poor Alfred, besides it is so wrong, I am sure of it. I came to-night expressly to say this to you, and to bid you adieu; yes, adieu, it must be so; adieu!" Her voice grew weak, her tears interrupted her.

He listened in silence, shook his head, put on a desperate look and said: "No, Blanche, my beloved, we must not say farewell; it is a word too sad for such warm young hearts and lips as ours to utter. I love you too much, Blanche; how can I then say adieu?"

He had fallen on his knees at her feet—she struggling between her duty to God and her husband and the new love dawning in her heart—but her pure, innocent, and religious nature soon repulsed the wicked passion, and she rose to flee from him as from a fiend, saying, "Begone! you bring me only trouble and evil! You would not tempt me if you really loved me! I am a wife!—a mother! My Blessed Mother and guardian angel will protect me from your wicked words and snares."

Before Henri had time to reply a

lurid light shone out through the trees, and in another instant a loud clap of thunder followed, and a sudden violent noise as of the breaking of branches was heard.

Blanche, already pale with excitement and emotion, and trembling with fear, turned to flee to a place of safety, but as she did so, a terrible sight met her view,—Henri, pale, motionless, dead, lay at her feet, stricken by the thunder-bolt.

Blanche remained fixed as a statue—unable to move, unable at first to utter a cry—then fixing her eyes on the lifeless figure at her feet, gave a piercing shriek, and fell in a dead swoon at Henri's side.

The servants, attracted by the screams, hastened to the spot; saw the dead man, the unconscious Blanche. In terror and dismay they carried her to the castle and restored her to life slowly and with difficulty. She opened her eyes, raised herself,

and looked around her, shuddered, and uttered a long loud laugh, then fell upon her couch muttering, "God does not love me!" She was a maniac. Without a mother's care, and without a nurse, poor little Madeleine faded away. Shortly after her demented husband and the dowager Countess followed her. The winter came; the closed doors of the deserted castle were a prey to the storms. The winds shattered the panes of glass, and whistled through the corridors. Rain poured through the roof, snow covered the vines. The tall trees bent and moaned under the violence of the winter storms. Death reaped the park as it had reaped the family; and of the superb castle nothing remained but a terrible remembrance, a gloomy name—"Val-Maud."

"'Tis not the whole of life to live—
Nor all of death to die."

FRIENDSHIP'S REQUIEM.

Rest, strong slumberer, rest,
Thy labors all are done,
Heats of the day and test
Of sorrow's fiery sun.
Pleasant the calm at last,
Safe the haven of death,
Where sadness all is past,
And hatred's star is set.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, brave slumberer, rest,
The strife and fray are stayed
With the bravest and best
In snowy robes arrayed.
Doubt has vanished and fled,
Sin finds no further place,
The scales of faith are shed,
Opened thy eyes to grace.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, worn slumberer, rest,
Thy arms are weak and faint,
Earth has no longer zest,
Heaven knows no complaint.
Joy of the happy band !
The smile of gracious God,
The mercy throne, where stand
Angels waiting His nod.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, still slumberer, rest,
Night on thy day is come ;
Pure thoughts locked in thy breast,
Thy lips sealed, white and dumb.
Life's passion storms are o'er,
Its hopes and fears are gone,
For thee pain is no more,
Thy battle's fought and won.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, cold slumberer, rest,
The warmth of love is dead ;
The joyous word and jest
And light of life are sped.
Hear not the doleful sigh,
See not the bitter tear,
Nor woe of mother's eye
Fixed on thy silent bier.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

Rest, pale slumberer, rest,
Death's pall is on thy brow,
Hangs o'er thee his dark crest,
His own he claims thee now.
Bright's the lot of the brave,
Tranquil the end of the just,
He fills an honored grave,
His ashes are sacred dust.
Rest, sweet slumberer, rest
The calm sleep of the blest.

LIFE DUTIES.

IN a late number of the *New York Tribune* appeared an editorial on Carlyle, in which the writer spoke of the spiritualizing effects of the eccentric "word-wielder's" works. That writer must have been nodding over his editorial. The doctrine of hero-worship and might-worship—and the belief that success alone is the test of merit—are anything but spiritualizing. Yet these are Carlyle's cardinal ideas. The undertone of advice running through his works may be summed up in these words: Work. Do something; complete it. You will then know your power and find yourself a different man. Now, the great fault to be found with this piece of advice is that it meets not the whole solution of life's problem. It says not enough. Man is more than a working machine. Longfellow improved upon the motto when he told us to work and wait. "Therefore," he says, "should every man wait—should bide his time. Not in listless idleness, not in useless pastime, not in querulous dejection, but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavors, always willing and fulfilling, and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion." This is good advice. It was the Count Joseph de Maistre who said that the secret of all success consists in waiting—in abiding one's time. But does this solve all life's problem? We think not. There is a piece of advice which comes nearer to the solution, and which is much more conducive to individual perfection. By all means let us work and wait; but let us do more; let us pray. To labor and pray—*laborare et orare*—sums up the duties of life. From the beginning man has known and felt the necessity of both labor and prayer. It is for a Tyndal and the like to discover that prayer is an un-

necessary factor in life. But humanity is wiser than the atheist. In these days too great stress cannot be laid on the religious side of man's duties. J. Thomas Scharf has, in his *Chronicles of Baltimore*, proved himself a hard worker. He has given some excellent advice on the duties of life, to young men, in an unpublished address to the graduates of Rock Hill College, a portion of which is given below. We think the readers of the RECORD will be pleased with its spirit and tone.—[*Ed. Catholic Record.*]

. . . . Here you are, flushed with academical distinction, buoyant with hope, confident of success, eager to enter the lists with men, and grasping, in anticipation, the laurel wreath of victory. The education you have acquired is, with the most of you, the capital with which you venture forth into the commerce of life. But who can foretell your destiny? Who can say how many of you may become ornaments and benefactors of society, and descend to the tomb "full of years and full of honor;" and how many, diverted like Atlanta, from the race before them, may become the victims of alluring vice, and be hurried prematurely to dishonored graves? From these peaceful and secluded halls, you see nothing but the "calm surface of a summer's sea," inviting you to spread your sails, and take the auspicious flood that leads on to fortune. You see nothing but bright suns and unclouded skies, verdant hills and luxuriant fields, friends to assist and admirers to applaud, fortune throwing her treasures in your laps, and fame, with her richest garlands in her hands, ready to crown your victorious brows! Little dream you of the dangerous rocks which that smiling sea conceals beneath its bosom,

or of the sudden and desolating tempests that may overwhelm you in a moment. Little know you of the fearful rapidity with which the clearest sky may be overcast with clouds, or of the keen and cutting frosts by which the fairest flower may be withered. Far be it from me, however, to repress the ardor of aspiring youth. Far be it from me to inspire you with suspicion, or chill you with fear. I say nothing, therefore, of the fickleness of friendship, or the uncertainty of fortune; nothing of the smiles of hypocrisy, or the low intrigues of political duplicity; nothing of the toils and sacrifices by which popular favor is acquired, or of the pitiful trifles, and not less frequently meritorious actions, by which it may be lost.

But I feel that I would not properly discharge the office so kindly conferred upon me, if I did not warn you, that in blooming flowers, adders and scorpions often lie concealed; that the sweetest melody may be a Siren's song to lure you to your ruin; that the most luscious fruits are often those that turn to ashes in the taste; and, in one word, that the voyage of life may well be likened to the fabled passage between Scylla and Charybdis, which he alone can navigate successfully, who has the requisite skill to avoid rocks upon the one side, and whirlpools on the other.

It is by no means my intention, however, to lecture you upon the advantages of industry, or the utility of virtue. That office has been spared me by the wise and good men, to whom were confided the cultivation of your intellects, and the moral regulation of your hearts. There is no field of science they have not taught you to explore; there is no principle of rectitude they have not nurtured in your bosoms.

But the mere possession of high and estimable principles signifies but little, unless they are developed for your own improvement and the advantage of society. In vain have

you been taught to discipline your minds, if you relax, henceforward, in the pursuit of knowledge. In vain has a foundation been laid for your future eminence and usefulness, if no generous ambition prompt you to erect the superstructure. It is not sufficient to possess good principles, or merely to refrain from the perpetration of ignoble deeds. No dormant quality can constitute an element of human greatness. Man is an active animal. He is not only an individual, but a member of society. He was not formed to dream away his life, however pure or innocent it may be, but to devote the energies of his mind, and the virtues of his heart, to the discovery and advancement of the public good. The whole institution of civil society is but a system of reciprocal dependencies. Individuals depend upon society for protection and security; and society depends on its component parts for its own stability and welfare. Every man, therefore, owes to himself and society duties that absorb his energies; and precisely to the extent to which he performs them, is he virtuous and commendable as a man, or useful and patriotic as a citizen.

The great fundamental principle of our institutions, which declares the people to be the source of power, at the same time opens wide to all the avenues to distinction and office. Poverty and humble birth are no obstacles in the way of worth and talents. As in Rome, Cincinnatus was called from his plough to the supreme power, so in America the humblest citizen may be elevated to the highest station. In the great contests of life, a very large proportion of our most eminent men have risen to distinction from the lower walks of life. Truth, manliness, uprightness, and energy are the great qualities which make themselves felt in our institutions. It is a beautiful illustration of their power to stimulate exertion and encourage merit, to see

one who owes nothing to birth rising from his humble position to the highest trusts of the republic, asserting his claims to distinction without the aid of heraldry, and by his own great qualities vindicating his right to the honors of his country. We confer neither stars, nor garters, nor ribbons; but we do confer the noblest earthly reward which can be realized, next to our own consciousness of having done well, in giving to those who have served their country faithfully the unbought thanks of millions of freemen.

If we needed any encouragement to make these efforts to distinction, we might find it in every page of our country's history. Nowhere do we meet with examples more numerous and more brilliant, of men who have risen above poverty and obscurity to usefulness and an honorable name. Our whole vast continent was added to the geography of the world by the persevering efforts of a humble mariner—the great Columbus, the son of a Genoese pilot, who at one time of his melancholy career was reduced to beg his bread at the doors of the convents in Spain. The story of the poor boy, Franklin, cannot be too often repeated. General Greene left his blacksmith furnace to command an army in the Revolution. He was the chosen friend of Washington, and next to him, perhaps, the military leader who stood highest in the confidence of his country. West, the famous painter, was too poor at the beginning of his career to purchase canvas and colors; and he rose eventually to be the president of the Royal Academy at London. Secretary Knox, the friend and companion of Washington, was a bookbinder. Roger Sherman, one of our soundest statesmen and most eloquent orators, and one of the most distinguished five to whom was intrusted the high honor of preparing the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker. Nor is it true that devotion to busi-

ness—I care not what it may be—with a spirit subordinate to the claims of man's higher destinies, disqualifies for mental exertions. All experience is against the conclusion. Many a man, who has become greatly eminent for intellectual excellence, has been thus laboriously employed to the end of his life. Solon was a merchant; and became a great poet, a great orator, and a great law-giver. Gesner, the Swiss, was a poet, a painter, an engraver, and a bookseller. Richardson was a printer, and wrote *Pamela*, which first gave him fame, after he was fifty years of age. George Lillo was a jeweller, in London. De Foe was alternately a horse-factor and maker of bricks. Robert Burns was a farm laborer. Ben Jonson was a bricklayer.

Therefore, I repeat, that devotion to business does not necessarily disqualify for mental exertions, any more than mental cultivation necessarily disqualifies for business. And if this is true of employment in the more humble branches of human industry, it is especially true of employment in the more elevated and dignified occupations of life. How often has the world been instructed and delighted by the literary labors of men who, for this purpose, have stolen their leisure from the bustle of the camp, or the perplexities of political or professional employments? Cæsar wrote his *Commentaries* on his battle-fields. Cicero was constantly overwhelmed with political and professional business, and was nevertheless a voluminous writer. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, spent the greater portion of his life in the camp, and still his writings fill twenty-five volumes. Sully, too, was a soldier and an author. Milton devoted more time to politics than to poetry. Bacon, and Clarendon, and Selden, and Hale, found time for the composition of the most valuable works.

I believe it will not be transgress-

ing the limits of sober truth to say that the chief contributors in every department of learning have been those who were actively and laboriously engaged in business occupations. And this leads me to another remark, on which I would lay stress. If it is true, that he who has passed through his collegiate course with distinction and honor, has only laid the foundation on which to build a superstructure, and has yet no claim to be considered a learned man, I shall be excused for insisting on what I conceive to be the only practical mode of his succeeding. It is this: *He must be an habitual and faithful schoolmaster to himself.* In this way only is it that man is to be distinguished from man—that our country is to be distinguished among the nations—for great acquisitions in learning, and for corresponding and successful efforts in science, literature, and the arts.

Be encouraged, then, my young friends, to persevere in the path of honorable action. Perseverance is, in truth, the grand hinge on which the affairs of the world will be found to turn. However great your natural abilities, but little can be done without constant assiduity and determined resolution—and with it, by the blessing of God, everything needful may be accomplished. It is related of the renowned Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden, that he was encouraged never to despair in any enterprise, by witnessing one day, when driven to take shelter in a shed from the violence of a storm, the operations of a spider in conveying a beetle, or some insect larger than itself, up a beam to its web. He saw it ascend for the first time a little way, and fall. Again it ascended slightly further, and fell. A third time it ascended still further, and again fell backwards with its prey. His curiosity was excited to witness its operations. He counted its partial ascent, and as uniform fall, for sixty-nine times. The seventieth

time it succeeded in gaining, with its load, the mazy labyrinth. "Surely," said he, "if this insignificant creature, to satisfy the mere cravings of animal appetite, can thus labor, and toil, and strive, what ought not rational man to encounter for the sake of fame and immortality?" If one, whose chief immortality was worldly fame, could thus reason and thus act, what ought not you, gentlemen, in your day attempt, and what might you not succeed in accomplishing?

Let me, then, earnestly impress upon you, as a duty to yourselves, the continued cultivation of your minds. Recollect that your education is not only not completed, but may in truth be said to be just begun. An excellent foundation has, indeed, been laid, upon which, with adequate exertion, you may erect the edifice of your future fame: but as no foundation, however excellent in itself, can be of any actual utility unless the superstructure be added, so all the instruction you have here received, important as it may be, when considered as the substratum of a more elevated scheme to be carried on hereafter, will not only be of no practical advantage to yourselves or to society, but will literally be lost and forgotten, and in a shorter period, too, than was necessary to obtain it, unless it be made the groundwork of future and more extensive acquisitions, and you determine from this day to be more systematic and sedulous than ever in the pursuit of knowledge. Neglect nothing, then, that you have been taught in college. Learning was not imparted here, to be thrown away hereafter. He who is content with obscurity, may disdain to labor; but he who would be an eminent and useful citizen—loved of God and praised of men—must always be industrious. There is no limit to knowledge; none to intellectual improvement; and consequently none to the labor of study.

Follow up, then, every branch of science, and every department of elegant literature. The mind, like the body, requires not only strength for usefulness, but decoration for effect. The massive pillars of a temple, however efficient without adornment, become objects of admiration to the tasteful eye, when they display the richness of Corinthian capitals, or are beautifully fluted with Ionic art.

The duty of putting forth your whole intellectual strength is especially incumbent upon you in these days of skepticism, when your most precious inheritance is attacked by the atheist and the infidel. You have not only to practice the dictates of your religion; you must also account for the faith that is in you. Of all the enemies of the human race, he is the greatest who, in a country like ours, would disseminate the poison of infidelity, and destroy at once the happiness of individuals and the very foundation of our government. Christianity is the rock on which they stand, and without which there would be no hope for either. Extinguish that, and as the extinction of the sun would produce universal desolation, so the moral world would be wrapped in darkness. Abolish that, and the vail of our political temple would be rent, man's most sacred right would be desecrated, and the people would be driven into despotism as the only refuge from their own excesses. Disdain the idea that religion is an evidence of mental imbecility. That cannot be weakness which proceeds from the fountain of infinite wisdom. That cannot be weakness which is the basis of strength, to which we are indebted for the purest system of morality, the most sacred principles of justice, and for the conservation of all that is precious in the family and society.

Go, then, gentlemen, into the untried world that lies before you. I have already shown that it is not a field in which you will have only to recline by gurgling streams, or muse in shady groves, or regale your senses with fruits and flowers; but that it is a theatre for action, in which the prize of honor can only be attained by a rare combination of thought and study, of industry and virtue. Put on the armor, then, that is best adapted for the conflict. How honorable will it be to yourselves, to attain distinction as the just reward of superior merit! How gratifying will it be to your revered preceptors, and all your relatives, to witness your career, as you pass from one point of elevation to another, and to know that each ascending step is the evidence and the effect of a corresponding growth, on your part, in all the elements that enter into the composition of human greatness!

Go, then, gentlemen, and fear not. The principles I have endeavored to delineate are germinating in your bosom. It is the earnest hope of all here present that you make them bring forth fruit. Go, and bear in your memories and cherish in your hearts these my parting words to you: Let not the new-fangled theories that infest the age taint your better feelings. Yours is a more precious inheritance. Hold to the true science and sound doctrine that have been handed down to you, and with which you leave your *Alma Mater*. Break not the fragile vessels in which they are contained. You are the children and heirs of the God-man, whom your enemies call the Galilean. Glory in the fact, and, strong in your title and in his promise to be with you in the hour of need, flinch not before the self-constituted apostles of Atheism and infidelity.

CHARLES EMANUEL IV, KING OF SARDINIA.

THE present King of Italy is not an upstart. His royalty and his nobility are not creations of this century. The Dukes of Savoy were known at Jerusalem, and the white cross, which is emblazoned on the royal shield and banner of to-day, was the terror of the Paynim usurper of the Holy Sepulchre, and of the insolent Turk at Cyprus. The names of Amadeus and Philibert, and Charles Emanuel, and Charles Felix, aye, and of Charles Albert, the immediate predecessor of the present King of Italy, are names that are held in benediction by all, by the Church, by the State, by the rich and poor. They were soldiers to the core, statesmen of no contemptible capacities, scholars of great attainments, and Christians. Among the female members of the illustrious house of Savoy piety was an heirloom, transmitted from one generation to another, so that in latter years, before *Morganatic* marriages were known, it came to be said among the Savoyards, "the Queen of Savoy must be a saint." Not to go further back than our own day, who is there who has stood at the tomb of the late consort of Victor Emanuel, and not felt as if he were at a shrine? while the Church is even now about to place the aureola of recognized sanctity over the heads of Maria Christina of Savoy, and Clotilda, the worthy and saintly consort of Charles Emanuel IV, the subject of this sketch. We have consulted no documents, public or private, relating to him, but what we say of him, we give it as we received it from a venerable old man, who lived with him during the last four years of his life, in that sublime fellowship which is characterized so beautifully in the Psalms, "*Ecce quam dulce et jucundum habitare fra-*

tres in unum"—Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Charles Emanuel IV was the son of Amadeus III, King of Sardinia, and Marie Antoinette, daughter of Philip V of Spain. He was born in Turin, on the 24th of May, 1757. Being the first born, and heir-apparent to the throne of Sardinia, his father, with true Christian wisdom, began to educate him in his infancy. His secular and religious education went hand in hand, and both were intrusted to the learned Father Sigismund Gerdil, afterwards the illustrious Cardinal, of whom it was said by his colleagues that he honored the purple by taking it. He remained under the instruction of the Cardinal until he was a young man. The Cardinal made a Christian of him, a profound scholar, and a model king. He was scarcely nineteen years of age when he married Maria Clotilda, sister of Louis XVI, King of France. The ceremony was performed in the old church, attached to the castle of Chambery, one of the principal cities of Savoy. Chambery still remembers the innocent merry-making on the occasion; how the great garden of the palace was converted into a tournament ground; how the villagers came from the mountains in their pretty costumes, and danced on the green in front of the balcony which was occupied by the royal spouses; how the mountaineers from Chamounix played the echo music on their long Alpine horns; how every little girl in the city was dressed in white, and a hundred little maidens, of from seven to ten years of age, wore long white satin dresses and powdered wigs, and how these were attended by a hundred little cavaliers, booted and spurred after the fashion of the sev-

enteenth century. After his marriage the young prince continued to live with his father, the king, and devoted himself as assiduously to his studies as before. He was naturally pious, but the example of his saintly wife, while exercising a holy influence upon the whole court at Turin, drew him more closely to God than he thought possible outside of the religious state. Indeed, they were true religious in all but the solemn vows. They communicated together daily, recited the office of the Church in common, read spiritual books, made a meditation every morning, and visited the churches of Turin in the afternoon.

King Amadeus died at Montcalien in 1796, attended in his last hours by his children. In the midst of so many good influences, especially of the holy Clotilda, his death could not but be happy. Charles Emanuel IV was crowned king after, and began his reign just as the horizon of Europe began to be darkened by one of the greatest and most upheaving storms the world ever witnessed. Nothing daunted, he took the reins of government, and when the new Republic sprang up in France on the ruins of the monarchy, with consummate tact he at once entered into a very liberal treaty with the new government. But good faith was not an element in the revolutionists, and they betrayed him. He might have held his own by adopting the policy of equivocation, so common nowadays, but he was a Christian monarch, who was taught to believe that to lie was unjust; and he chose rather to descend from his throne an innocent and righteous man, than occupy it a guilty and perjured monarch. Turin was occupied by the French troops on December the 9th, 1798. The royal palace was hemmed in on all sides by a wall of bayonets and cannon. The French General Giobert sent an insolent message to the king, ordering him to quit Turin

within fifteen hours. His good sense showed him that resistance was useless, and he resolved to leave the city alone. He shrank from the idea of making his queen undertake a perilous voyage in midwinter, and to make matters worse, he knew not where to fly. Committing her to the care of his brother, Charles Felix, he retired into his private chapel for a few moments, and then repaired to his own room to make a few hasty preparations. When he was ready, he went to her room to take leave of her. She was not there. "She is in the chapel," thought he, "and it is as well; the leave-taking will only sadden her." He walked down the great stairway, and as he was about to pass out into the courtyard, where he knew the carriage was in waiting which would convey him across the frontiers, a woman, dressed for a journey, approached him, and falling upon her knees, said:

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."

It was Queen Clotilda. He raised her up, and kissed her, saying:

"Where thou art there is no exile, for God is with thee."

They entered the carriage in silence. It was immediately surrounded by a detachment of French cavalry, and the king knew he was a prisoner. It was growing dark as they drove out of the city, and the snow began to fall in heavy flakes. All that night they journeyed on through the storm, passing Crescentino, Alessandria, and Casale. They were not allowed to halt until they reached Stradella, on the evening of the next day. There the guard left them. An Italian village in those days offered very few accommodations to travellers, and the illustrious exiles were fain to sleep in a miserable room in a garret, where the snow entered freely between the tiles and through the broken windows. In her diary the queen has left a touching description of the

hardships of that long journey from Turin to Florence. Speaking of Stradella, she says that the king tried hard to make a curtain for the window of his cloak, pinning it to the sash with a pocket-knife and a fork. At Parma they put up at the monastery of the Benedictines, where the monks treated them very kindly. At Modena the queen was obliged to stand in the streets, while he went about looking for lodgings, and the rabble insulted her in the rudest manner. Between Bologna and Florence the carriage stuck in the snow, and they were forced to get out and walk several miles, before they met a single habitation. They put up in the house of a peasant, but he had nothing to offer them but chestnut bread, some oil, and water. They entered Florence on foot. But before proceeding to the Palace of the Grand Duke, where they knew a warm welcome would be given them, they went into the Duomo, "to visit our truest friend," so the queen wrote. The Grand Duke Ferdinand received them with every mark of sympathy and respect, and at once gave them the magnificent villa of Poggio Imperiale as a dwelling place. While in Florence the illustrious exiles might be seen every day visiting the churches. The queen was especially fond of praying in the Church of Santa Maria Maddalena de Pazzi. They also paid a visit to Pius VII, who was then an invalid and an exile at Certosa. The king speaks of the event in these words:

"We presented ourselves before his Holiness, who came to meet us at the door, supported by two prelates. We both prostrated ourselves, as was our duty, and we kissed his feet, and in the act of prostrating herself, the queen said, 'Holy Father, the consolation which I feel in being presented to the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and the visible Head of our holy Church, is a most ample compensation for all my misfortunes.' The Holy Father raised us up lov-

ingly, and with paternal kindness made us sit down beside him, and in all charity entertained us for about a quarter of an hour."

They remained in Florence until the end of February, 1799, when they sailed from Leghorn for Cagliari. On their arrival there the king published a solemn and vigorous protestation against the violent occupation of his territory. In the following September his brother, Charles Felix, was proclaimed Viceroy of Sardinia, but he was not permitted to return. He never again saw his capital. From Cagliari they went back to Florence, thence to Rome. But Rome, at that time, was in a most abnormal condition. The Pope was in exile, and the city being in the hands of the French, the exiles were forced to fly to Naples. The king gave them an apartment in the royal castle of Caserta. As the queen entered the portals she said, as if prophesying:

"*Hic requies mea, hic habitabo*—here is my rest, here shall I abide."

There, in truth, they did abide, and for nearly three years they led that quiet life of mutual sanctification, which made their happiness at Turin. In the meantime, his rights as King of Sardinia had been re-established, but the precarious state of the queen's health would not permit of their return. The hardships through which she passed had broken her constitution, and she began to sink daily. During her long illness he watched by her bedside assiduously. They often spoke of their misfortunes, and talked about the long journey from Turin to Florence. The queen recalled many an incident of what she termed their "pilgrimage," and used to laugh pleasantly at the unstudied costume of the king, in his hasty flight. In his hurry, he had pulled on but one boot, and never discovered his mistake until the foot, which was encased in the silk stocking and court slipper, began to ache with the

cold. And then he would recount how she took off one of her shawls, and insisted on tucking it around his feet.

"It was a happy flight, after all," he used to say, "for it taught me that I carried more than my kingdom with me, in my heroic queen."

Then they would go back to Chambery, and to those bright days in September when they were married.

"We will go back there this autumn, won't we, mamma?" said the king hopefully.

She raised her eyes to the crucifix which stood upon a table opposite, and a flush, half of joy, half of sorrow, mantled upon her face. Turning then to him, she said:

"*No, Tu mi hai sempre chiamato Mamma; ed io saro sempre tale per te; e dove io vado, vogliscie tu venga*"—No, thou hast always called me mamma, and I shall be such to thee forever; and whither I go, I wish that thou come too.

She never spoke again, but passed hence, leaving a record of sanctity so glorious and luminous, as to induce the Church to institute a process for her canonization. She is now known as the Venerable Servant of God, Clotilda, Queen of Sardinia. The bereaved king shed no tears as he knelt beside the lifeless form of his consort. He only held the unresisting hand between his own, repeating at intervals, "Mamma, prega pel tuo figlio abbandonato"—Mamma, pray for thy lonely son. This happened in the March of 1802. The event wrought a great change within him, and the world ceased to be attractive. Abdicating in favor of Victor Emanuel I, Duke of Aosta, he retired to Rome, and in the obscurity of private life, gave himself entirely to the performance of good works. He rarely went abroad, and received no visitors, with the exception of a few holy priests, with whom he loved to converse. His favorite walk was to the

Colosseum. He might be seen every Friday afternoon, kneeling in the arena. He seldom rode out, excepting when he visited some of the churches situated outside of the walls. The churches inside the gates, he said, were near enough to be visited on foot. On the 24th of May, 1814, Pius VII entered Rome, by the Porto del Popolo, in triumph. The whole population went out as far as the Milvian Bridge to meet him. When he arrived there, fifty young Roman nobles, dressed in a splendid uniform, designed for the occasion, unyoked the horses from the Pontifical carriage, and drew it to the Vatican, amid the enthusiastic shouts of the people. Among the many nobles and dignitaries, ecclesiastical and secular, who waited for the arrival of the Pope on the great stairway of the Vatican, stood an old man, whose quiet face and modest mien formed a contrast with the restless expectancy which was marked in the faces of the crowd about him. He only lifted up his eyes once, and that was when some one gave the false notification that the procession had entered the great square of St. Peter's. Then it was observed that his sight was poor. He moved towards one of the guards, and asked him if he would not do him the favor to point out His Holiness, "*perchè*," said the old man, "*non ho felice la vista*"—literally, because my sight is not happy. As the Pope mounted the stairs, supported by two Cardinals, the Swiss said to the old man, "Here he is." He knelt down, and raised his almost sightless eyes to the Pope, saying at the same time, "Thank God that my sight has lasted until I can behold your Holiness." Before he had ceased speaking, the Pontiff threw up his hands, exclaiming, "*Carlo Emanuele di Sardegna!*"—Charles Emanuel of Sardinia; and raising him up, he embraced him. One of the first acts of Pius VII, after his restoration, was the publication of a decree, re-

establishing the Jesuits as an order of the Church. A deputation of the Roman nobility waited upon His Holiness soon after, and in the name of all Italy expressed their gratitude for a consummation which was desired by all. Among those who had a personal interview with the Pope, on that happy day, was Charles Emanuel of Sardinia. He insisted upon kneeling while speaking to the Pope. Most of the conversation which passed between them could be heard by all. But when the old man bent over, and whispered something in the ear of the Pope, he looked surprised, and shook his head negatively. The old man continued insistently, and the features of the Pontiff began to relax. Finally he was heard to say, "Si," yes, and the postulant arose, apparently satisfied. In another week the mystery was explained. Charles Emanuel IV, King of Sardinia, entered the Jesuit Novitiate on the Quirinal.

The Viadel Quirinale is flanked on one side by the enormous mass of buildings known as the Quirinal Palace, formerly the residence of the Popes (now of Charles Emanuel's grand-nephew, Victor Emanuel), and on the other by the novitiate house of the Jesuits. It is a long, low building, extending nearly the whole length of the street, and terminating in Bernani's gem of architecture, the elliptic Church of St. Andrew *al Quirinale*. Into this retreat, wherein St. Aloysius and Blessed John Berchmanns had made their novitiate, and where the boy St. Stanislaus died in his probation, the former King of Sardinia retired. At the special request of the Pope, he did not put on the habit of the Jesuits, but wore the ordinary dress of a secular priest. Here he lived for four years in the happiest seclusion. He attended all the exercises of the young novices, his companions, among whom was our informant, and performed every duty with a cheerfulness and docility which

edified every one. Though his superiors were disposed to make some concessions in his favor, relative to receiving visitors, he positively refused to see any one, excepting members of his own family. The Pope, who had returned to the Quirinal, paid him frequent visits. He always petitioned His Holiness that he might be allowed to wear the habit. The Pope, for especial reasons, refused, but used to say, laughingly, "You will die in the habit." It was distasteful to him to be spoken to about his life as king, and studiously avoided every occasion on which his royal rank would be noticed. On the contrary, he would speak eloquently on the instability of human things, and very often the master of novices used to omit his discourses on things temporal and their transitoriness, saying that the conversation of their experienced brother was far more eloquent and effective. He took his walk with the novices daily, either outside of the Nomentan Gate, in the direction of St. Agnes's Church, or to Villa Macao, classically known as the Pretorian Camp. He had not been long in the novitiate when his strength began to fail him, and he felt himself growing feeble; not with age, for he was just sixty, and he was of a hardy constitution, but of general debility. "It must be the beginning of the end," he used to say, "and I must prepare." It were hard to tell how he could dispose himself for death more befitting a Christian, than by the life he had led; unless, indeed, it be by a more intimate union of the heart with God. But of that union no one can bear testimony, save to a certain extent, and this testimony had already been given. Before he took his bed, he again asked the habit, and it was given him. One day when several of the young scholastics were in his room, he told them about the death of his consort, and repeated to them the last words she uttered, to which he added, "These words

inspire me with the hope of saving my soul through her intercession." He received holy communion every morning as usual, and when the priest entered the room with the blessed sacrament, he would endeavor to rise to a kneeling posture in the bed. When he was too weak to do this much, he asked two of the novices to support him. The Pope visited him, and blessed him, and when he was leaving the room, he said "*a vivederci*"—until we see each other again. The king shook his head, and said to some one near the bed, "*ei redremus lassu*"—we shall see each other up there. He asked for the Viaticum next day. In the evening he began to sink faster, and they gave him extreme unction. He did not linger very long, but died as the bell tolled for the *De profundis*, an hour after the Ave Maria, on the 6th of October, 1819.

At his own request, solemn obsequies were not celebrated. He was taken down into the little Church of St. Andrew, and laid on a plain catafalque, bearing no other armorials than the simple yet sublime arms of the Jesuits, I. H. S. The habit he loved so dearly was on him. A plain Requiem Mass was chanted by the scholastics and novices, and when all in the church had walked in procession around the body, and many had touched it reverently, they laid it in the sepulchre which was prepared in the corner, where he loved to pray, between the altar of St. Andrew and that under which the body of St. Stanislaus reposes. His brother, Charles Felix, caused a simple but elegant monument to be erected. It consists of a plain sarcophagus of dark granite, to which the arms of Savoy, chiselled on a

shield of white marble are attached. A square column of marble rises up on the sarcophagus, on which there is an inscription in Latin, which narrates briefly his birth, his lineage, his abdication, his taking the habit of the Jesuits, and, a fact which is pregnant with significance at present, his having bequeathed the sum of ten thousand Roman scudi to the novitiate, which the inscription styles as a generous host. Two angels repose on either side of the column, and one of them holds a crown of thorns. Above these is a marble bust of Charles Emanuel, modelled with a Jesuit's *sontane* on him. It is a quiet, peace-suggesting face, and seems to beam with benevolence upon the worshippers in the church. It cannot be mistaken. It is the only monument in the church. Certainly the fair-haired princess, who goes there every Sunday from the neighboring palace, knows of its existence, for there was a time, not very far back, when they were all proud of the good Charles Emanuel, and spoke of his virtues, and how and where he died. Let us add two more remarks, and we will leave the reader to his reflections. One of the very first of the religious houses that were seized in Rome by the invaders, was the novitiate (with the lands and revenues), in which Charles Emanuel IV, King of Sardinia, passed the last four years of his life, and to which he bequeathed the sum of ten thousand scudi. And the man who subscribed to the act, and to hundreds like it, is Charles Emanuel's grand-nephew, and he lives in the new wing of the Quirinal, just that part which looks down upon the Church of St. Andrew.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE school question has lately given occasion to some incidents of note. In Erie, Pa., a large meeting of laymen was held, early in January, to protest against some assertions made that the laity did not sympathize with the clergy in their opposition to the public schools, as well as that they regarded the parochial schools as a burden.

On January 24th, the Catholic laity of Davenport, Iowa, at a public meeting passed a number of resolutions in support of the "Catholic position." The 10th was as follows:

"That we are unalterably opposed to the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution of the State of Iowa, lately proposed by Senator J. H. Murphy, of this city, of which the following is a copy:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa, That the following amendments to the Constitution of the State of Iowa be and are hereby proposed:

"1st. That no public funds, either State, county, city, or township, or other public moneys or revenues, of any character or description whatever, shall be appropriated to or used in the establishment, support, or maintenance of any seminary, school, college, or other institution of learning, or of charity, whatsoever, unless the same shall have been established by the laws of the State, and be under its full control, nor shall any State institution ever be under the control of any religious denomination, nor shall any sectarian teaching be permitted.

"2d. The General Assembly shall enact such laws as shall be necessary to carry out and enforce the provisions of the foregoing sections."

"And we hereby pledge ourselves that we will use every legitimate means within our reach to secure the defeat of said amendment, because it is subversive of the fundamental principles which underlie the best government God ever vouchsafed to man."

To give only one example out of many to show how the school question works, let us take the great State of Ohio. In that State there are 266 parish schools attended by 50,000 children. A correspondent of the *Catholic Columbian* estimates that for the State to take in hand the education of these children would cost at the very least \$1,500,000 a year. It does not cost the Church so much, because a great deal of the work is done by charity. This example is sufficient, of itself, to show how much Catholics save the State by educating their own children, and that the burden they complain of is a real and not an imaginary one.

THERE are a number of ugly rumors about coming legislative acts, inspired by anti-Catholic feeling. For example, from Massachusetts comes a report that the legislature is going to pass a law taxing all church property whose title is not vested in the congregation. It is well known that the title to Catholic Church property is vested in the Bishop of the Diocese, by the canonical rules of the Church. Consequently, a law like the one referred to would be simply saying to the Church, "If you do not regulate your own affairs in the way *we* desire, you shall pay the penalty."

A bill is also pending before the legislature of Rhode Island, which provides that no person shall hereafter threaten or obstruct by denouncing, intimidating, or otherwise interfering with any parent or guardian who may send or wish to send any child under his control to any public school in this State which such is qualified to enter, nor shall any person other than a parent or a guardian attempt to hinder or prevent any child from attending a public school from which such child shall not have been expelled, or from which he is prohibited from attending in consequence of some law or regulation of such school.

Even the *Independent* remarks of this proposal, that "the best thing to be done with it is to lay it on the table and then leave it there. As a law it would be an outrage to religious liberty and a disgrace to the State of Rhode Island. If Catholic parents choose to be influenced by any threatened denial of the privileges of the Church or by any spiritual anathemas of the Catholic priesthood in respect to the question of sending their children to the public school, then so be it. This is their business, and with it the State can have nothing to do without exceeding its own province. This is a free country for Catholics as well as Protestants."

THE first case has been decided against the English Ritualists. To make the Stations of the Cross—that is to piously meditate on the various stages of our Blessed Lord's Passion—is declared illegal. No pious Englishman or woman must dare to do it. What a reflection this is on the Church of England, what a fine sarcasm is there not in this decision on the Reformers! They asserted, and their followers have continued to reiterate the statement, that the Church of Rome has substituted the veneration of the Blessed Virgin for the adoration of Christ; and yet it is pronounced illegal in the Church of Eng-

land to meditate on the sufferings of Christ! It is also illegal to possess or use a crucifix in church, or for the celebrant to communicate alone. All these are pronounced "Popish" practices. It does not signify that they are good, edifying, or ancient—all this is of no account. Catholics practice them, and that is sufficient for their condemnation. Prove that an ancient Christian usage is used by Catholics, and that is proof sufficient that it is wrong and illegal. Prove that antiquity, and good sense, and propriety, and edification are on the side of the Catholic usage, and so much the worse for antiquity, and good sense, and propriety, and edification! Perish everything but the principles and ideas of a few ill-instructed and bigoted people who lived three centuries ago.

It is surprising, indeed, that persons who should know better, like these Ritualists, should still cling to such a Church as that of England, and still refuse to see that as you cannot wash an Ethiop, so you cannot make the Protestant Church Catholic, do what you will.

THE progress of the Church in the United States is in some degree indicated by the formation of new dioceses. The last of these is created by the division of the See of Pittsburgh. This flourishing diocese, containing 160 priests and a large number of churches and religious institutions, has much increased under the Episcopal supervision of Bishop Domett, who, finding himself unequal to still further bear the burden, has been translated to the new See—that of Alleghany. This will comprise the counties of Blair, Butler, Lawrence, Armstrong, Indiana, and that part of Alleghany north of the Ohio River.

The Very Rev. John Tuigg, pastor of St. John's, Altoona, has been appointed Bishop of Pittsburgh. He is an Irishman by birth, and studied at All Hallows, Dublin, and St. Michael's Seminary, Pittsburgh. He was ordained by Bishop O'Connor, and has been pastor of St. John's for many years.

The State of Pennsylvania is now divided into six dioceses: The Archdiocese of Philadelphia, Diocese of Pittsburgh, Diocese of Erie, Diocese of Scranton, Diocese of Harrisburg, and Diocese of Alleghany, and has 416 churches, 515 priests, and a Catholic population of about 560,000. It is only sixty-five years since the first Bishop of the oldest See—Philadelphia—was consecrated.

THAT there is a very large and influential "Catholic party" in Italy, is very evident. This fact is shown by the constant arrival of Italian pilgrimages at the Vatican to pay their respects to His Holiness, by the increased contributions to Peter's pence, by

the activity of the Catholic Unions, and chiefly by the timidity of the government, which is manifestly afraid to go as far as Bismarck wishes, and imitate in Italy the Falk Laws, not because it loves the Church more, but because it knows the ground better than the German statesman does.

We see that the *Sacra Penitenziaria*, a tribunal which decides as to cases of conscience, has decided to grant absolution to all Catholics who, whether as voters or as officials, take part in the Italian government and the administration of public affairs; the Catholics are also urged to become a constitutional party, and cease their petty strifes.

THE Right Rev. Bishop Ireland has inaugurated a movement which it is a great pity was not commenced many years ago. He is actively at work forming Catholic settlements in Minnesota, having secured the right of disposing of 75,000 acres of land on the line of the Pacific Railroad to actual settlers. He desires 2000 settlers at least to "go West," and promises that priests will be provided to attend to their spiritual wants.

The Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul's desires to remove the Irish people from the squalid crowded cities, and to dot the great Northwest with flourishing Catholic settlements, where no rum will be sold, and where the young will grow up healthy, prosperous, and good. Success to him!

THE famous Geghan law has been repealed in Ohio, and the Gray Nuns act in New York. These are small matters, perhaps, but they indicate that the anti-Catholic agitation has produced some effect. As compared with the steady progress of the Church, however, these matters are like the effect produced by the famous Mrs. Partington, who endeavored so bravely to sweep away the Atlantic Ocean with her broomstick. A few prisoners or poor in workhouses in Ohio will be, to the disgrace of the legislature, deprived of religious instruction, and the services of a few first-class teachers in New York State will be dispensed with by the schools—that is all. To effect this, conventions have resolved, legislatures have divided, oceans of ink have been expended in writing elaborate editorials, and every exertion has been made by the anti-Catholic agitators.

IN the city of New York there is church property estimated at \$45,000,000, the taxable value of it is \$26,000,000, and the tax-rate this year 2.94. Thus it would yield, if taxed, about \$800,000. It is very probable that in case such a law ever passed that many

of the small and weak Protestant churches would be taxed out of existence, as it is very well known that there are a great deal too many of them. In some country towns, there are three or four which, together, do not possess sufficient membership to form even one decent-sized congregation.

ECCLESIASTICAL and political affairs are very lively in the Dominion of Canada at the present time. The Protestant Defence Alliance of Montreal and Quebec has sent a petition to the Dominion Government, which prays for the repeal of the act providing for a religious school system in the Northwest territories; also for the disallowance of the act passed by the same government respecting interments in Roman Catholic cemeteries, and for a great many other objects.

Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, has issued a letter to his clergy prohibiting them from taking part for or against political candidates, except when it is necessary for the defence of Catholic rights.

A CATHOLIC priest of Lawrence, Mass., not long ago, said that his people in the past year had paid thousands of dollars for funeral carriages, when many of them did not know the persons buried, and some of them depended on charity for bread; and he gave them notice that such senseless action must and should be stopped.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, only lately vigorously opposed the same extravagance, and several prelates have positively forbidden more than a certain number of carriages to be employed at funerals.

RIGHT REV. BERNARD J. MCQUAID, Bishop of Rochester, lectured in Horticultural Hall, Boston, on the Public School Question as understood by a Catholic American Citizen, on Sunday, February 13th.

The lecture is admitted to have been an able and forcible appeal to the justice of the American people, and was listened to by a very large and intelligent audience.

It completely covered the ground, and will form an arsenal from which to draw controversial arguments in the future.

THE approach of St. Patrick's day has given rise to the usual discussions as to its celebration. We note that the parades will not be so numerous this year, and that the favorite method will be that of attending the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, has, it appears, very properly issued a regulation prohibiting societies not sanctioned or approved as being truly Catholic from entering the church wearing their regalias or badges.

HISTORY repeats itself. We are irresistibly reminded of this fact when we read that Dr. Falk, the Minister of Public Worship in Germany, has prohibited any layman from conducting divine service (by reading the gospel or leading in prayer) in parishes deprived of their priests by the operation of the Falk Laws, and has forbidden prayers to be used for the Church or for the Pope. These two decrees are similar to those made by Queen Elizabeth of England three centuries ago. Does the world progress?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MANUAL OF UNIVERSAL CHURCH HISTORY.

By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and last German edition. By F. J. Pabisch, Doctor of Theology, of Canon and of Civil Law, President of the Provincial Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, Ohio; and Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Professor at Mount St. Mary's Seminary. In three volumes. With three Chronological Tables, and three Ecclesiastico-Geographical Maps. Volume II. Royal 8vo, pp. 1093. Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke & Co. 1876.

About a year ago we noticed in the RECORD the first volume of this excellent work. The

translation and preparation for the press of the second volume, with its valuable addenda, within that space of time, by the learned and reverend gentlemen who have had the work in hand, evince no slight amount of industry and labor on their part. The style of the translation is excellent. It is pure, idiomatic English, and reads like an original composition, rather than a translation. This second volume comprehends that portion of the history of the Church which is most interesting to general readers, and an acquaintance with which is to them of the greatest practical importance. To the theological student, and to those whose duty it is to engage, or to be prepared to engage, in controversies with Protestant sectarians in regard to questions of doctrine,

and of the foundation and the government of the Church in early ages, the first volume embraces subjects of primary importance; but the public generally are less interested in these topics than they are in those which are comprehended in the history of the action and progress of the Church during the Middle Ages. Those ages were the formative period of all the present systems of government among civilized nations, the formative period, indeed, of all existing European peoples. Whatever is valuable in modern literature and art, in modern philosophy, in international, and national, and municipal law, in judicial processes and trials, in modern educational institutions, and in the relations of different classes of society to each other and to the state, has its roots in those ages. During the last three or four hundred years society has built upon, modified, and changed (not by any means always for the better) what was accomplished during those ages. Even our modern inventions are little more than practical applications of what was discovered or suggested, with greater or less clearness, during the Middle Ages. And during that period the Church stands forth prominently as the most powerful agent and factor in all the spheres of action we have indicated. No one can claim to have an intelligent understanding of law as a science, of art, of modern literature, of the principles that underlie modern political and municipal institutions, unless he has a clear apprehension of the true character of the Middle Ages and of the work accomplished by the Church during that period. It was the period, in brief, which witnessed the passing away or total transformation of ancient Pagan civilization, there construction of society, and the laying of the foundations, and to a great extent, the erection of the superstructure, of our present civilization.

The second volume of the work we are noticing covers this period. Its treatment of the subject is lucid, able, and scholarly. It is impossible for us to even enumerate, in the space to which we must confine ourselves, the many important topics of which it treats. Suffice it to say that it is the most compendious yet clear exhibit of that period with which we are acquainted. It will be exceedingly useful to the theological student as a text-book, and to the clergy as a book of reference.

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO; or, An Examination of the Historical Evidence of its Miraculous Translation. By the Most Rev. P. R. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis. New Edition. Philadelphia: Eugene Cummiskey, 1316 Chestnut St. 1876.

This old and favorably known work of

the Most Rev. Dr. Kenrick, written, we believe, while he was yet pastor of St. Mary's Church in this city, is deservedly considered as the standard authority on the subject in the English language. We are delighted to know that so old and well-known a publishing house should show some signs of renewing its youthful vigor, and should commence its resurrection by issuing so valuable a work, which, though it may be comparatively light, is not to be judged by its size. It may, however, be very favorably judged by its beautiful external appearance, though we are at a loss to know why publishers should go to the expense of marring an otherwise meritorious work by inserting such grotesque caricatures of our Blessed Lady as the woodcut which is inserted before the opening chapter. We are sure that the venerable author will be gladdened with this Centennial edition of a work produced in the prime of his own days.

LECTURES UPON THE DEVOTION TO THE MOST SACRED HEART OF JESUS CHRIST. Delivered in St. Ann's Church, New York, on the Sunday evenings of Advent, 1873. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. S., Pastor of St. Ann's Church. Second Edition. New York: Robert Coddington, 241 Fourth Avenue. 1874.

The great reputation of Father Preston as a pulpit orator is the best recommendation of his work. These four sermons were stenographically reported on delivery, and at the request of many of his auditors are given to the public in order that the rich literary treat and spiritual feast might be enjoyed with both pleasure and profit by a more extended circle than that confined to the limits of St. Ann's.

We have received from P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, two pamphlets: Mr. Clark's admirable paper on "MR. GLADSTONE AND MARYLAND TOLERATION," reprinted from the *Catholic World*, a splendid refutation of Mr. Gladstone's attempt to overthrow Lord Baltimore's time-honored claim of being the founder of religious toleration in the American colonies; and the great address of Chief Justice Dunn, of Arizona, on the School Question, regarded as the finest exposition of this vexed question which has yet been presented to the American public; so telling, in fact, against the enemies of the Church, that they have revenged themselves by making its author a victim for conscience's sake. To all who have not read this celebrated document, we would urge its immediate perusal.

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